

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE And Weekly Review;

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## Review of New Books.

*Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency; extracted from the German Correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, Mother of the Regent. Preceded by a Notice on this Princess, and accompanied with Notes.* 8vo. pp. 472. London, 1824.

The first two words of the title will set the most inquisitive portion of our readers upon the *qui vive*, and we much doubt they will read any more of the title, but plunge at once into the very heart of the volume. We confess we have felt a strong inclination to do this, but the less curious of our friends will expect from us some general and preliminary account of the work.

The Duchess of Orleans, who has thus unveiled the court of Louis XIV., was daughter of the Elector Palatine, and was born at the castle of Heidelberg, celebrated for its huge tun and old Rhenish wine, on the 7th of July, 1652. As, during her youth, the pomp and courtesy of Louis XIV. had not superseded the rude and gross manners of the courts of Germany, the Elector Palatine was far from being immaculate. The elector felt this, and sent his daughter, when a child, to his sister Sophia, Electress of Hanover, mother of George I., where she had the advantage of a liberal and a virtuous education. When of the age of nineteen she was married to the Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIV. Previous to this step, and when on her way to France, an important formality was to be performed—that of inducing her to change her religion:—

The Princess Charlotte Elizabeth was a Protestant, and, still more, was an enlightened woman, and the declared enemy of bigotry and fanaticism. Three bishops were despatched to meet her on the frontiers, and there to work her conversion. They began their labours at Metz, and relieved each other by relays, until the business was accomplished. The superior mind of the young lady enabled her to remark, that these holy men did not agree amongst themselves on the real grounds of their belief, and she very sarcastically relates that she took a little from each of the three, and formed from these portions of their doctrine a creed for herself.

Masillon, in his eloquent funeral oration on the princess, declared she never relapsed into the faith she had left; but, if we may judge by her own words, she never did quit the Protestant religion. In one of her let-

ters she says,—‘I perform all outward ceremonies; I go to mass with the king every week, but that does not deprive me of the edifying consolation of the Lutheran prayers.’ The marriage of the princess was not a happy one, but she conducted herself with propriety,—‘ pursued a straight-forward course,—spoke undisguisedly her thoughts,—resisted duplicity and intrigue with courage,—and, whether favourites, mistresses, or confessors (for such were the persons who had most influence at the court of Versailles), all were alike indifferent to her.’ One of the most singular habits of her life was the indefatigable zeal she displayed in her correspondence, fixing certain persons to whom she wrote each day in the week. In her person the duchess was by no means attractive, but her manners were agreeable. She was rather of an indolent habit, except in her correspondence, which she carried on with the several courts of Spain, Naples, Berlin, and other great cities, where her letters are probably still kept, and form a sort of scandalous chronicle.

The collection now offered to the public is formed out of about 800 letters, which were written to the Princess Wilhelmina Charlotte of Wales, and the Duke Antoine Ulric of Brunswick. These were so excellent that the court of Brunswick ordered De Praun, a privy counsellor, to make extracts from the most curious. In 1788 an edition appeared, much mutilated and disfigured; but, in the following year, the extracts of De Praun were published at Strasbourg; and it is from this edition that the present work has been translated, with a more appropriate arrangement,—the addition of several passages contained in others of the German collections,—the correcting of several dates,—the modification of some free, if not gross, expressions of the original,—and the supplying of explanatory notes where the text required it. The work consists of a series of fragments, anecdotes, and portraits, which are highly curious and interesting, exhibiting a faithful and spirited picture of the French court when the *ancien régime* was in the zenith of its glory; although the duchess declares that at that court ‘duplicity passed for wit, and frankness was looked upon as folly.’ That she is impartial we believe, and that she had a very humble opinion of herself the following portrait, drawn by her own pen, will show:—

‘I am unquestionably very ugly: I have no features; my eyes are small, my nose is short and thick, my lips long and flat; these do not constitute much of a physiognomy: I have great hanging cheeks and a

large face; my stature is short and stout, my body and my thighs too are short, and upon the whole I am truly a very ugly little object. If I had not a good heart, no one could endure me. To know whether my eyes give tokens of my possessing wit, they must be examined with a microscope, or it will be difficult to judge. Hands more ugly than mine are not perhaps to be found on the whole globe. The king has often told me so, and has made me laugh at it heartily; for not being able to flatter even myself that I possessed any one thing which could be called pretty, I resolved to be the first to laugh at my own ugliness: this has succeeded as well as I could have wished, and I must confess that I have seldom been at a loss for something to laugh at.’

Again,—

‘All my life, even from my earliest years, I thought myself so ugly that I did not like to be looked at. I therefore cared little for dress, because jewels and decoration attract attention. As Monsieur loved to be covered with diamonds, it was fortunate that I did not regard them, for otherwise we should have quarrelled about who was to wear them. On grand occasions, Monsieur used formerly to make me dress in red; I did so, but in much against my inclination, for I always hated whatever was inconvenient to me. He always ordered my dresses, and even used to paint my cheeks himself.

‘I made the Countess of Soissons laugh very heartily once. She said to me, “How is it, Madame, that you never look in a mirror when you pass it, as every body else does?” I answered, “Because I have too great a regard for myself to be fond of seeing myself look as ugly as I really am.”

In her childhood, the princess was quite a tom-boy, fond of swords and gems, romping and hoaxing. It was once in contemplation to marry her to the Duke of Courlande, but she says,—‘I made such an impression on him that he would not hear of marriage, and requested permission to join the army.’ Alluding to her own marriage, she adds,—

‘Upon my arrival at Saint-Germain, I felt as if I had fallen from the clouds. The Princess Palatine went to Paris, and there fixed me. I put as good a face upon the affair as was possible; I saw very well that I did not please my husband much, and indeed that could not be wondered at, considering my ugliness; however, I resolved to conduct myself in such a manner towards Monsieur that he should become accustomed to me by my attentions, and eventually should be enabled to endure me. Imme-

diately upon my arrival the king came to see me at the Chateau Neuf, where Monsieur and I lived ; he brought with him the Dauphin, who was then a child of about ten years old. As soon as I had finished my toilette, the king returned to the old Chateau, where he received me in the Guard's hall, and led me to the queen, whispering, at the same time, " Do not be frightened, madame, she will be more afraid of you, than you of her."

The duchess gives a rather curious character of her husband, who appears to have been a somewhat disagreeable sleeping partner : for, she says, ' he could not bear any one to touch him when he was asleep, so that I was obliged to lie on the very edge of the bed, whence it sometimes happened that I fell out like a sack ;' she adds, that he was a good sort of man, notwithstanding his weakness. The duchess's account of herself is by no means voluminous, and she concludes it by saying,—' but this is enough, as M. Biermann said, after having preached four hours together.' Her character of Louis XIV. is favourable, which is very natural, as the monarch had good qualities, and treated her with kindness. She says :—

' When the king pleased, he could be one of the most agreeable and amiable men in the world ; but it was first necessary that he should be intimately acquainted with persons. He used to joke in a very comical and amusing manner.'

' The king, though by no means perfect, possessed some great and many fine qualities ; and by no means deserved to be defamed and despised by his subjects after his death.'

' While he lived he was flattered, even to idolatry.'

' He was so much tormented on my account, that I could not have wondered if he had hated me most cordially. However, he did not; but, on the contrary, he discovered, that all which was said against me sprang from malice and jealousy.'

' If he had not been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of two of the worst women in the world, Montespan, and that old Maintenon, who was even worse than the other, he would have been one of the best kings that ever lived ; for all the evil that he ever did proceeded from those two women, and not from himself.'

' The king used to take off his hat to women of all descriptions, even the common peasants.'

The ignorance of Louis XIV. is proverbial. The duchess says,—

' He had good natural wit, but was extremely ignorant ; and was so much ashamed of it, that it became the fashion for his courtiers to turn learned men into ridicule. Louis XIV. could not endure to hear politics talked ; he was what they call, in this country, *franc du collier*.'

' Louis XIV., as well as all the rest of his family, with the exception of my son, hated reading. Neither the king nor Monsieur had been taught any thing ; they scarcely knew how to read and write. The king, was the most polite man in his kingdom ;

but his son and his grand-children were the most rude.

' In his youth he had played in the comedy of *Les Visionnaires*, which he knew by heart, and in which he acted better than the comedians. He did not know a note of music, but his ear was so correct, that he could play, in a masterly style, on the guitar, and execute whatever he chose.'

A few other traits in the character we shall quote :—

' I never saw the king beat but two men, and they both well deserved it. The first was a valet, who would not let him enter the garden during one of his own fêtes. The other was a pickpocket, whom the king saw emptying the pocket of M. de Villars. Louis XIV., who was on horseback, rode towards the thief, and struck him with his cane ; the rascal cried out " murder, I shall be killed !" which made us all laugh, and the king laughed also ; he had the thief taken, and made him give up the purse, but he did not have him hanged.'

' The king frequently complained, that, in his youth up he had not been allowed to converse with people generally : but it was the fault of his natural temper ; for Monsieur, who had been brought up with him, used to talk to every body. Louis XIV. used to say, laughingly, to Monsieur, that his eternal chattering had put him out of conceit with talking. " Ah, mon Dieu !" he would say, " must I, to please every body, say as many silly things as my brother ?"

The following whimsical occurrence took place in a visit of the French court to Flanders :—

' As soon as we reached a city, each of us retired to our own quarters for a short time ; and, afterwards, we went to the theatre, which was commonly so bad that we were ready to die with laughing. Among others, I remember, that at Dunkirk we saw a company playing Mithridates. In speaking to Monimia, Mithridates said something which I forgot, but which was very absurd. He turned round imminently to the Dauphine, and said, " I very humbly beg pardon, Madam, I assure you it was a slip of the tongue." The laugh which followed this apology may be imagined ; but it became still greater when the Prince of Conti, the husband of *la grande Princesse*, who was sitting above the orchestra, and who, in a fit of laughing, fell into it ; he tried to save himself by the cord ; and, in doing so, pulled down the curtain over the lamps, set it on fire, and burnt a great hole in it. The flames were soon extinguished ; and the actors, as if they were perfectly indifferent, or unconscious of the accident, continued to play on, although we could only see them through the hole.'

Some of the anecdotes of Louis XIV. are a little too free for our pages ; but, on the whole, they are very characteristic and amusing. Of Madame de Fontange a singular anecdote is related :—

' I had a maid of honour whose name was Beauvais ; she was a very well-disposed person ; the King fell in love with her, but she remained firm against all his attempts. He

then turned his attention to her companion, Fontange, who was also very pretty, but not very sensible. When he first saw her he said, " there is a wolf that will not eat me," and yet he became very fond of her soon afterwards. Before she came to me she had dreamt all that was to befall her, and a pious capuchin explained her dream to her. She told me of it herself, long before she became the King's mistress. She dreamt that she had ascended a high mountain, and, having reached the summit, she was dazzled by an exceedingly bright cloud ; then on a sudden she found herself in such profound darkness, that her terror at this accident awoke her. When she told her confessor, he said to her, " Take care of yourself ; that mountain is the court, where some distinction awaits you ; it will, however, be but of short duration if you abandon your God, he will forsake you, and you will fall into eternal darkness."

' There is no doubt that Fontange died by poison ; she accused Montespan of being the cause of her death. A servant who had been bribed by that favourite destroyed her and some of her people, by means of poison mixed with milk. Two of them died with her, and said publicly they had been poisoned.' . . . . ' Fontange was a stupid little creature, but she had a very good heart. She was very red-haired, but beautiful as an angel from head to foot.'

(To be continued).

*The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow. With numerous Engravings.* By ROBERT LYALL, M. D., Member of the Imperial Societies of St. Petersburg. 4to. pp. 639. London, 1824.

SUCH of our readers as have formed their ideas of the political power of Russia from the pamphlet of Sir Robert Wilson, the extravaganzas of The Morning Chronicle, or the eloquent but romantic Memoir of M. Dupin, will of course consider this extensive empire as the only power henceforth to be dreaded ; and, if strength was to be measured by the acre or the square mile, Russia would indeed be formidable : nor is she a power that is under any circumstances to be despised, for the hereditary ambition of her sovereigns, the natural character of the inhabitants, and the physical resources she possesses, will always give her an important rank among the nations of Europe. It was so long customary to speak of the Russians as a nation of barbarians, that every advance in civilization has been considered as little less than miraculous ; as if an intercourse with her southern neighbours, and the encouragement of a liberal prince, could have no influence on a people so imitative as the Russians. We know we shall be referred to her struggle with France, and shall perhaps be told that Russia gave the first blow to the gigantic power of Napoleon. This we should not feel disposed to admit : for if it was any country, it was Great Britain that overturned that mighty conqueror ; it was great Britain that maintained the contest when every power of Europe had either joined in his train or

succumbed. British gold length sub the gratui power or standard France, de ing the sin arms to U when it al tract not in the last and wher feared no the ancien see it give much pa dence can peril, and even in th than war, When Na that such took the fi Prussia at France, in the mind their exa cuniary n drained F to maint until at against F that had We are territory views; w Turkey b sway in what of offensive wanted; sia has lit war prev produce whose o except i obtained Europe. is true t France a tria and powers i stitutional it may be stretch let her o self-pres powers w at once her Coss withstand from her able, but tant war on this s minister h in some acquaintance the plan adopted ' In a

succumbed to his power; and it was by British gold and British arms that he was at length subdued. Let the unpaid loans and the gratuitous subsidies, supplied to every power or every province that hoisted a standard against republican and imperial France, decide who it was that, by supplying the sinews of war—money with men, and arms to boot, kept up the struggle even when it almost became hopeless. We detract not from the merits of the Russians: in the last struggle they made a noble stand, and where they could not conquer they feared not to die. Russia, that sacrificed the ancient capital of the czars rather than see it give shelter to an invader, proved how much patriotism could achieve. Providence came to her aid in the hour of her peril, and the severest winter ever known, even in that climate, was more destructive than war, famine, and the plague, combined. When Napoleon had lost his army—and that such an army as never in modern times took the field—Russia became emboldened; Prussia and Austria, long under the yoke of France, burst their fetters; Bavaria and the minor powers of Germany followed their example; England supplied the pecuniary means, at the same time that she drained France of the flower of her armies to maintain the contest in the Peninsula; until at length a confederacy was formed against France, nearly as formidable as any that had been entered into with her.

We are aware of the extent of the Russian territory; we are aware of her ambitious views; we know that she devours European Turkey by anticipation, and stretches her sway in imagination to Hindostan; but what of that: to carry on a distant and an offensive war, somewhat more than men are wanted; money is necessary; of this Russia has little, and would have still less, when war prevented her from converting her vast produce into cash. A writer in a periodical, whose talents we always respect, and for whose opinions we have some deference, except in politics, talks of Russia having obtained a dictatorship over the states of Europe. Nothing can be more absurd: it is true that she has obtained favour with France and Spain, and perhaps with Austria and Prussia, because she joins these powers in the same effort to stifle the constitutional or representative system, wherever it may be adopted; but let her once seek to stretch her boundaries further in Europe; let her once assume a menacing aspect, and self-preservation, that cement which unites powers whom honour could not bind, would at once raise such a league against her as her Cossacks and her Calmucs could never withstand. But there is nothing to fear from her on the offensive; she is formidable, but she could not long maintain a distant war. We are supported in our views on this subject by a writer in "The Westminster Review," just published, who, though in some respects inconsistent, is evidently acquainted with the subject. Speaking of the plan of military colonization recently adopted in Russia, the writer says,—

"In any and in every case the system

must introduce great changes; for these armed bands, who have now an attachment to, and a property in, the soil of their country, must, as they go on increasing, necessarily become a subject of great embarrassment to the Russian government. If they settle tranquilly down, and continue to occupy the same abode, the social affections will bind them to their homes and their families, and the very object of their establishment will be frustrated by their change of position; while, on the other hand, should a busy and a restless spirit make head among them, still less easy will it be to control them. In a moment of change or tumult, how could they be relied on? They seem to us like the ice which fills in the winter months the holes in a Russian edifice, and appears to give it strength and solidity; the thaw comes on, the frozen mass expands, the building totters, and falls.

The details of the military strength of Russia, when concentrated in a tabular form, appear tremendous, and give a very exaggerated notion of her means of interference; for it is certain that Russia never has been able to assemble in one point a force at all commensurate to her population or her nominal army. Large masses of men cannot be gathered together without large masses of money; and the very extent of Russian territory, thinly peopled as it is, is an effective security against their being brought together in numbers at all equal to the imposing representations upon paper. No doubt Russia has obtained more influence from the weakness and the ignorance of other states than from any real power of her own."

Again,—

"The preponderance which Russia has obtained in European politics is derived, we have said, rather from the ignorance of other governments, than from the real strength of her own. Omnipotent in her means of defence, *she is feebleness itself beyond her own borders*. The war in the Morea demonstrates her weakness; for, if a mere handful of revolted Greeks, almost unarmed and wholly unassisted, have been able to establish their independence against the Porte, the successful stand against Russia made by the Mussulman power, exhausted as it is, proves how much fear and delusion have exaggerated the Russian influence. Her power neither results from the number of her inhabitants, nor from her pecuniary resources, nor from the talents of her rulers, nor from the extent of her territory; but from her snowy and icy region, which, though it is a wall of adamant against attack, she cannot drag with her to the south for the purpose of attacking others. She appears indeed a giant; but is only a giant of the mist, which passes away before a penetrating vision, or a rising sun. The closer her pretensions are examined, the vainer and the more presumptuous they will be found. Her finances are in a state of notorious dilapidation. Abroad (*i. e.* in the distance) her security ranks on the level with that of most of the continental nations; and she obtains

on the English Exchange from eighty to ninety pounds sterling of solid cash for one hundred pounds' worth of her paper promises, while in Russia (and where is the difference in the security?) the great mass of her circulating medium, issued indeed without control, is at a discount of about seventy-five per cent. With this disgraceful and depreciated paper currency her provinces are deluged; it passes for about one-fourth of the value which it represents: yet so inefficient is the government to carry its decrees into general effect, that the introduction of this rag-money has been successfully resisted in many of the eastern governments, in which nothing but metals will be received. The whole character of the commerce of Russia affords the most striking exemplification of her poverty. All her foreign trade is carried on by the capital of strangers. The shop-keeper purchases at a very long credit, while the cultivator of produce is accustomed to be paid for it months before it is delivered to the exporting merchant; on every side there is sacrifice to be made by the Russian. Meanwhile exorbitant and ill-adjusted duties have covered the country with adventurous smugglers and fraudsters of the revenue. What system can be conceived more ridiculous and more oppressive than that which is now established in Russia, of making the *weight* of the taxed article the grade of taxation? so that the more coarse or the less costly the manufacture, the higher is the duty enforced. The whole fiscal administration presents such a mass of corruption and abuse as can scarcely be conceived; it might be described in a few words, as a system which gives to every individual an interest in fraud, and destroys every motive to honesty. Every custom-house officer, stinted beyond measure in his salary, manages to spend twenty or thirty times the amount of his wages; a fee is the passport to every facility, and there is no amount of dishonesty which may not be purchased for a proportionate bribe."

Surely a country in such a state—and we are sure the writer does not wish to exaggerate the evils of Russia,—is any thing but formidable, and is as little likely to excite alarm as any power can be. But our readers will think we are like the counsel who got the wrong brief, and that we are by mistake reviewing the *Westminster Review*, instead of Mr. Lyall's bulky volume: this however, is not the case, but we could not forego the opportunity of making a few observations on that modern bugbear, the gigantic power of Russia.

Mr. Lyall, whose name a Sunday journalist, more remarkable for the severity than the delicacy of his wit, observes is a good one for a traveller, appears to have resided many years in Russia, and to have observed, with due attention, the striking contrast in the manners of the people to those of their southern neighbours. It is well known that Dr. Clarke was excessively severe on the Russians, and he was at no pains to conceal his antipathy to them. Dr. Lyall, on the contrary, is one of the Mrs. Candour sort of authors: he would not hurt any body's feel-

ings, or say an unkind thing for the world; he, forsooth, has 'formed his opinions from facts,' and 'stated the convictions of his heart with impartiality.' Judge, then, how painful it must be for so conscientious a gentleman to be compelled to give such a character of the 'good-humoured,' 'social,' hospitable, and charitable' people, among whom he lived many years:—

'The Russians are insinuating and cunning, deceitful and perfidious, sensual and immoral, given to levity, fond of novelty, and improvident: with the command of little money, they are avaricious and mean; when cash abounds they are generous, ostentatious, and prodigal. \* \* \* Many of the Russians, however, do not seem to have the smallest idea of wrong, in what are generally reckoned ignoble and detestable transactions, encroachments on good faith, and infringements of moral law.'

These are assertions: now to Dr. Lyall's proofs, omitting the notorious physical club of Moscow, the details of which are too disgusting for our pages. The club was formed of a set of ladies and gentlemen, princes, princesses, counts, and countesses, whose conduct was a disgrace to human nature; but one word will mark the character of the club: it was so infamous that Catherine II., the most openly licentious and profligate of sovereigns, suppressed this public bazar of fornication and adultery, where men and women paired off promiscuously in the dark, in a national brothel. A few examples, less disgusting certainly, may be adduced in confirmation of Dr. Lyall's picture of Russian character; we shall, however, despatch them without the formality of a quotation:—A guest, a noble, dining with a nobleman of the highest rank, was detected in conveying a silver spoon, which he had been using, into his pocket. Immediately after dinner, this noble left the party, and, attended by livery servants, got into his carriage and drove off. The next instance is of a higher cast:—'A prince of the northern empire,' visiting a magazine in Moscow, 'clandestinely, and, as he thought, without being seen, seized a gilded tea-cup and saucer, conveyed it under his cloak, ran off with his booty, and deposited it in his carriage.' So much for Russian honesty. Of their want of cleanliness and delicacy, a disgusting picture is given, in the instance of Prince Polenekin, who is said to have employed one of his wives 'in insect hunting amidst the avenues of his bushy hair,' while 'simply habited in his shirt, nightgown, and stockings,' he lay stretched on a sofa. Another instance is related of the sons of 'one of the most distinguished of the ancient families of Russia,' who gave active employment of the same kind to a monkey at a public exhibition:—

'At the first tables, jellies, marmalades, and preserved fruits, are generally served up as a part of the dessert, and every guest has his own plate; but sometimes it happens that the same spoon makes the round of the table with the preserves or jelly, and serves the whole company; each individual, having filled his mouth, kindly passing the spoon fo-

the accommodation of his neighbour. Among the lower nobility, the ladies and gentlemen—I beg pardon, *la noblesse*—having retired from dinner, often find fruits and jellies placed upon a covered table, to which they approach and help themselves at their pleasure, one spoon serving all the party, however numerous; or sometimes a servant hands both the jelly and the spoon in succession to each individual. This practice is carried to the *perfection of disgust*, among the rich merchants, among the clergy, and among those peasants who have acquired wealth by their industry.'

These, it must be acknowledged, are disgusting traits in the Russian character; but we feel confident they do not exhibit a very just picture of society. In every country there is a great mass of vice and depravity, and we no more believe Dr. Lyall's anecdotes (if true) to be a fair picture of the Russian character, than we should consider that of the British, if Thurtell were selected to represent our humanity—Dirty Dick our cleanliness—or a fraudulent swindler, as a proof of our commercial integrity. But, to turn for the present to subjects less disgusting (although we have not yet done with Dr. Lyall), we shall quote one or two passages. The first relates to a visit made to the Crimea, in 1787:—

'Her Majesty's progress was a continual triumph through a populous country, covered with villages, flocks, and herds, and smiling amidst plenty and universal prosperity. This was equally the case, whether in her bark she was wafted along the Volga, or driven in her state carriage along the level and excellent smooth roads, repaired on purpose in the south, or stopped in palaces expressly constructed for a day's repose. Portable villages, erected in the morning and destroyed in the evening, on the following day arose like creation on some other spot, and under some new arrangement. The cattle were driven to the banks of the Volga, or to line the roads by which Catherine was to pass; and the peasants were obliged to quit their houses, at the distance of twenty or thirty versts, for the same purpose, and to inhabit new dwellings for a day.'

Well might her Majesty think she was treading over fairy land, ignorant as she was that it was one of the stratagems of Prince Potemkin. The following anecdote does credit to both the emperor and the general of whom it is related:—

'A general, who commanded a corps of artillery stationed at the imperial headquarters, had incurred, on some trifling occasion, the serious displeasure of the Emperor Alexander, shortly before the battle of Leipzig. His Majesty very unceremoniously sent one of his aids-de-camp, with an order that this officer should give up his command, repair, within twenty-four hours, to a village at the distance of twenty or thirty miles, and take charge of a regiment stationed there. Surprise, indignation, and fury, were successively evinced by the general, but still he obeyed the mandate. He left head-quarters without even a moment's loss of time,

arrived at his new destination, examined it, reviewed the regiment, and immediately drove back to his former station. At a review of some troops on the following morning, the emperor's eyes soon perceived him at the head of his corps. Astonishment and rage were depicted in the monarch's physiognomy, and he despatched an aid-de-camp to inquire what the general was doing there, and why he had left his new station, and dared to disobey his sovereign's order. The general, who is a man of talents, of general information, and of an unconquerable and somewhat ferocious spirit, with energy replied to the aid-de-camp, "Go back and tell his imperial Majesty, that the present time is highly important, and that I feel anxious for the fate of Russia; tell him that, henceforth, I serve, not Alexander, but my country; and that I am here, where I ought to be, at the head of my troops, ready to sacrifice my life in her cause." Such an unanticipated and heroic answer, instead of rousing the furious passions of the mind, as might have been expected where despotism was really absolute, had a very opposite effect. The emperor seemed palsied, replied not a word, and was glad to hush the affair to sleep, lest the general's example should be too generally known, and become a precedent for the future to the officers of the autocratic army. Before the battle of Montmartre, the general, who continued in his former command, had a station assigned him in the middle of danger, on purpose, as it was supposed by some, that his head might be carried away by a cannon ball, and thus rid the emperor of a refractory and liberal-minded officer. This gentleman, who fears no danger, rejoiced at the occasion, fought bravely, and conquered. It redounds to the credit of Alexander, that he called for the general on the field of battle, and bestowed upon him the cordon of St. George. Since this period he has been employed on an important mission; and at this moment he holds one of the highest and most responsible offices of the state.'

We intended to despatch Dr. Lyall at once, but we find he must have another hearing, when we shall examine the political opinions of this gentleman as to the state of Russia.

*Arezzi, a Tragedy in Five Acts.* 8vo. pp. 192. London, 1824.

WE confess we have, within the last few months, been condemned to read so many unacted tragedies, that neither deserved to be acted or read, that we had some difficulty in screwing up our courage to encounter the one hundred and ninety-two well-printed pages of which the tragedy of *Arezzi* consists. At length we ventured, and did not regret our seeming rashness; for *Arezzi*, though not a good acting play, is a fine dramatic poem, in which the interest is admirably kept up, from the commencement of the story to near the end of it; the characters those of real life; and the language possessing a vigour and a beauty which are rarely combined; the tamest parts of the

poem are which, th ciently d intricate, length, an require t ever, with gether, a two pass the langu 'Life swa To rocks a flies Are vultu Catch and But canno A second As kinma This has a Was once hang Entangled From twi draw Gently inc To grasp hono The ward The lover The patrio Rome had And Brutu The ne but less g 'Some r With sens A brother Forcet all Haughty l ward Most pitif A child in Was give Impati For ever g Toward h Burst and Gave life Like him In two-fo How stra Which sta Can make And that Not blow kind Nay—less A blank a less, Can roll i We co 'Ye migh Ye poor a Come, tre And ne Strength, Ambition Whateve 'Though They nev Life only To wal Mourn y The wand Who slee But wa

poem are the first act and the catastrophe, which, though tragic enough, is not sufficiently dramatic. The story is somewhat intricate, which is chiefly owing to its great length, and, as an acting play, one half would require to be expunged; it abounds, however, with many fine passages, and is, altogether, a good play for the closet. One or two passages shall serve as specimens of the language; and, first, of Life:—

'Life swarms with hindrances: its pebbles grow  
To rocks and stumbling-blocks. Our gnats and  
flies

Are vulture-winged. The cobwebs of the world  
Catch and enchain its giants. One dares much,  
But cannot—why? he fills a place at court.

A second is in love. A third sits patient

As kinsman to a kinsman of the duke.

This has a guardian near the throne—the other  
Was once his highness' playmate. While we  
hang

Entangled by our feathers, half life through,  
From twigs like these, that merciless hand  
draws near—

Gently indeed at first, yet hard as death's—  
To grasp the courtier's wand, the kinsman's  
honours,

The ward's whole patrimony: it thrusts apart  
The lover and his mistress—but it leaves

The patriot's doubts! If all men felt as we do,  
Rome had found kinder matrons for her kings,  
And Brutus gloried in his son!'

The next portrait is from the life also, but less general than the preceding:—

'Some men seem predestinated fools,  
With sense enough to know they are. I had  
A brother of this kind, in whom harsh nature  
Forced all reluctant qualities to meet.  
Haughty he was, yet tender—just, though  
froward,—

Most pitiful, most stern—a giant in wrath,  
A child in love and mercy. All his soul  
Was given to one who scorned it. I have seen  
Impatient anguish watch that pale cold brow—  
For ever gracious toward inferior fools,  
Toward him unchangeable—till shame and pride  
Burst and dissolved in tears. The pitiless smile  
Gave life again to both: so passion rose—  
Like him that strove with Hercules of old—  
In two-fold vigour from the dust. Now see  
How strange a kind of two-legg'd thing is this  
Which stands so totteringly, its own hard sighs  
Can make it rock and stagger!—a little breath,  
And that most fragrant, from a little mouth,  
Not blown in wrath, but peaceful though un-  
kind;

Nay—less, a look—and that without a frown—  
A blank and casual look, composed and heed-  
less,  
Can roll it bottom upwards!'

We conclude with a funeral hymn:  
'Ye mighty, leave the painted dome,—  
Ye poor and meek, that houseless roam,—  
Come, tread the path which leads you home,  
And none can shun or miss:  
Strength, wisdom, reverence, wealth, and bliss,  
Ambition's honours, beauty's kiss,—  
Whatever is must come to this,  
Whatever was is come.'

'Though breath is vapour, flesh is dust,  
They never die who love and trust—  
Life only slumbers with the just,  
To wake and rise again:  
Mourn ye the sinful and the vain,  
The wandering heart, and toil-sick brain;  
Who sleeps in faith is hushed from pain—  
But wake and rise he must.'

Who the author of Arezzi may be, we know not; but we suspect him to be a young author, or at least one little acquainted with that tact which is requisite in dramatic writing. This, however, a gentleman of his talents may soon acquire, and we shall not be surprised to see a tragedy by the author of Arezzi accepted and played at one of the winter theatres.

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*The Book of the Church.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., L. L. D., Poet Laureate. 2 vols. pp. 922. London, 1824.

WITHOUT in the least impeaching Dr. Southey's character as a poet, which stands so high that it has even survived his Vision of Judgment, there are persons, and we confess ourselves in the number, who are more partial to his prose than his poetry: as a biographer, he has proved his talents in his Memoirs of poor Kirke White, and his Life of Wesley, which, though not approved of by the Methodists, is much superior to any memoir they have given of the pious founder of their sect; as a historian, his Brazil and his last volume on the Peninsular war place him in an honourable rank; and his present work, which partakes of both the character of history and biography, is well-calculated to add another wreath to his chaplet of fame.

In a brief notice, for the author does not detain his reader with a preface, he states that the Book of the Church is much larger than was originally intended. We do not wonder at this, but, on the contrary, are rather surprised that so comprehensive and luminous a view, as he has taken of the subject, could be comprised in a couple of volumes.

Dr. Southey commences with a brief Introduction, of two pages, in which he asserts what we certainly do not mean to deny, —but there is not a Scotsman or a Dissenter who would hesitate to do it—namely, that, 'manifold as are the blessings for which Englishmen are beholden to the institutions of their country, there is no part of those institutions from which they derive more important advantages than from its church establishment,—none by which the temporal condition of all ranks has been so materially improved.'

The author then commences with a view of the remains of patriarchal faith among the Britons, tracing the progress of our religious and domestic institutions, with a masterly pen, to the complete establishment of Christianity in the island:—

'It is said that the first church was erected at Glastonbury; and this tradition may seem to deserve credit, because it was not contradicted in those ages when other churches would have found it profitable to advance a similar pretension. The building is described as a rude structure of wicker-work, like the dwellings of the people in those days, and differing from them only in its dimensions, which were threescore feet in length, and twenty-ix in breadth. An abbey was afterwards erected there, one of the finest of those edifices, and one of the most remarkable for the many interesting circum-

stances connected with it. The destruction of this beautiful and venerable fabric is one of the crimes by which our reformation was sullied.'

Interesting as the details are in the early progress of Christianity, and full of anecdote as Dr. Southey's narrative is, we pass over those dark ages to come to a brighter period of our religious history. We shall not, however, attempt any systematic analysis of a work which must be read at length, in order duly to appreciate the ability with which the author has embodied the mass of information he has brought into one focus, and which is as creditable to his industry in research as to his judgment and discrimination. The critical acuteness with which Dr. Southey estimates the character of the individuals the most prominent in his work, affords proofs how deeply he must be read in the ecclesiastical and political history of his country, and how well he has studied human nature itself. Of Becket, Dr. Southey presents a more favourable portrait than has been generally given to him. Alluding to the period when the king wished him to resign the primacy, he says,—

'Becket was one of those men whose true greatness is seen only in times of difficulty and danger, when they are deprived of all adventitious aid and left wholly to themselves. The large retinue of knights and other followers, who had attended him to Parliament, forsook him in his disgrace. His contempt as well as his indignation was, roused by this ungrateful and cowardly desertion, and, turning it to account, he sent his servants out to collect the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind, from the streets and the lanes of the town, and from the highways and hedges, and invite them to his table; with such an army, he said, he should more easily obtain the victory, than with those who had shamefully forsaken him in the hour of danger. This was in the spirit of the age, and of the man.'

The assassination of Becket has been often told, but never more circumstantially than by Dr. Southey. It appears that the barons on whom the foul crime rests did not intend to murder him, but required that he should leave the kingdom:—

'Becket replied, "he would never again put the sea between him and his church." Their resolute manner only roused his spirit, and he declared that, if any man whatsoever infringed the laws of the Holy Roman See, or the right of the church, be that man who he would, he would not spare him.—

"In vain," said he, "do you menace me! if all the swords in England were brandished over my head, you would find me foot to foot, fighting the battles of the Lord?" He upbraided those of them who had been in his service as chancellor. They rose, and charged the monks to guard him, saying they should answer for it if he escaped; the knights of his household they bade go with them, and wait the event in silence. Becket followed them to the outer door, saying, he came not there to fly, nor did he value their threats. "We will do more than threaten!" was the answer.

'Becket was presently told that they were arming themselves in the palace-court. Some of his servants barred the gate, and he was with difficulty persuaded by the monks to retire through the cloisters into the cathedral, where the afternoon service had now begun. He ordered the cross to be borne before him, retired slowly, and, to some who were endeavouring to secure the doors, he called out, forbidding to do it, saying, "You ought not to make a castle of the church; it will protect us sufficiently without being shut; neither did I come hither to resist, but to suffer." By this time the assailants, after endeavouring to break open the abbey gates, had entered, under Robert de Broc's guidance, through a window, searched the palace, and were now following him to the cathedral. He might still have concealed himself, and not improbably have escaped. But Becket disdained this: with all its errors, his was an heroic mind. He was ascending the steps of the high altar, when the barons and their armed followers rushed into the choir with drawn swords, exclaiming, "Where is Thomas à Becket? where is that traitor to the king and kingdom?" No answer was made; but, when they called out with a louder voice, "Where is the archbishop?" he then came down the steps, saying, "Here am I; no traitor, but a priest; ready to suffer in the name of Him who redeemed me. God forbid that I should fly for fear of your swords, or recede from justice." They required him, once more, to take off the censures from the prelates. "No satisfaction has yet been made," was the answer, "and I will not absolve them." Then they told him he should instantly die. "Reginald," said he to Fitzurse, "I have done you many kindnesses; and do you come against me thus armed?" The Baron, resolute as himself, and in a worse purpose, told him to get out from thence, and die: at the same time laying hold of his robe. Becket withdrew the robe, and said he would not move. "Fly, then," said Fitzurse, as if at this moment a compunction feeling had visited him, and he would have been glad to see the intent frustrated, in which his pride more than his oath constrained him to persist. "Nor that either," was Becket's answer; "if it is my blood you want, I am ready to die, that the church may obtain liberty and peace: only, in the name of God, I forbid you to hurt any of my people." Still it appears that in some, at least, there was a wish to spare his life: one struck him between the shoulders with the flat part of the sword, saying, "Fly, or you are dead!" And the murderers themselves afterwards declared their intention was to carry him prisoner to the king; or, if that was impossible, put him to death in a place less sacred than the church; but he clung to one of the pillars, and struggled with the assailants. Tracy he had nearly thrown down, and Fitzurse he thrust from him with a strong hand, calling him pimp. Stung by the opprobrious appellation, Fitzurse no longer hesitated whether to strike. A monk, Edward Grimes, of Cambridge, was his name, interposed his arm, which

was almost cut off by the blow. Becket, who had bowed in the attitude of prayer, was wounded by the same stroke in the crown of his head. His last words were, "To God, to St. Mary, and the Saints, who are patrons of this church, and to St. Dennis, I commend myself and the church's cause!" The second blow brought him to the ground, on his face, before St. Benedict's altar; he had strength and composure enough to cover himself with his robes, and then to join his hands in prayer, and in that position died under their repeated strokes, each pressing near, to bear a part in the murder. Brito cleft his skull; and an accursed man, the subdeacon, Hugh of Horsea, known by the appellation of the Ill Clerk, scattered the brains over the pavement from the point of his sword.'

Though strongly attached to the Protestant religion, Dr. Southey acknowledges that the Papal system was adapted to the period, notwithstanding its numerous corruptions, which are kept out of view by the writers who still maintain the infallibility of that church:—

'The indignation which these corruptions ought properly to excite, should not, however, prevent us from perceiving that the Papal power, raised and supported as it was wholly by opinion, must originally have possessed, or promised, some peculiar and manifest advantages to those who acknowledged its authority. If it had not been adapted to the condition of Europe, it could not have existed. Though in itself an enormous abuse, it was the remedy for some great evils, the palliative of others. We have but to look at the Abyssinians and the oriental Christians, to see what Europe would have become without the papacy. With all its errors, its corruptions, and its crimes, it was, morally and intellectually, the conservative power of Christendom. Politically, too, it was the saviour of Europe; for, in all human probability, the west, like the east, must have been overrun by Mahomedanism, and sunk in irremediable degradation, through the pernicious institutions which have everywhere accompanied it, if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman church had not roused the nations to an united and prodigious effort, commensurate with the danger.'

Among the corruptions, Mr. Southey notices the imposture of relics, and—

'Such was the impudence of Romish fraud, that portions were produced of the burning bush, of the manna which fell in the wilderness, of Moses's rod and Samson's honeycomb, of Tobit's fish, of the blessed Virgin's milk, and of our Saviour's blood! Enormous prices were paid by sovereigns for such relics; it was deemed excusable, not to covet merely, but to steal them: and if the thieves were sometimes miraculously punished, they were quite as often enabled by miracle to effect the pious robbery, and bring the prize in triumph to the church for which it was designed. In the rivalry of deceit which the desire of gain occasioned, it often happened that the head of the same

saint was shown in several places, each church insisting that its own was genuine, and all appealing to miracles as the test. Sometimes the dispute was accommodated in a more satisfactory manner, by asserting a miraculous multiplication, and three whole bodies of one person have been shown; the dead saint having tripled himself, to terminate a dispute between three churches at his funeral! The catacombs at Rome were an inexhaustible mine of relics. But the hugest fraud of this kind that was ever practised was, when the contents of a whole cemetery were brought forth as the bones of eleven thousand British virgins, all bound from Cornwall, to be married in Armorica, carried by tempests up the Rhine to the city of Cologne, and there martyred by an army of Huns under Attila. Even this legend obtained credit; all parts of Christendom were eager to acquire a portion of the relics, and at this day a church may be seen at Cologne literally lined with the bones.'

In an account of the extent to which the Ronian Catholics carried self-tormenting, the author avows, what has long been known, that he is a writer in that prince of periodicals—*The Quarterly Review*. But we quit scenes abhorrent to humanity, to proceed to that great event which, if it did not wholly abolish them, introduced a better system—the reformation; of which the author gives a succinct narrative, though less ample than we could have wished. In his account of our great reformer, Wycliffe, he justly observes, that it is a reproach to this country that no statue has been erected in his honour, and that his translation of the Old Testament never has been printed. Of his character, he observes,—

'Wycliffe held some erroneous opinions, some fantastic ones, and some which, in their moral and political consequences, are most dangerous. Considering the intrepidity and ardour of his mind, it is surprising that his errors were not more and greater. A great and admirable man he was; his fame, high as it is, is not above his deserts; and it suffers no abatement upon comparison with the most illustrious of those who have followed in the path which he opened. His writings were carried into Bohemia by one of the natives of that country, whom the marriage of their Princess with Richard II. brought into England. From the perusal of them, John Huss imbibed those opinions concerning the Papal church for which he suffered heroically at the stake, to his own eternal honour, and to the perpetual infamy of the council which condemned him, and of the emperor who suffered the safe conduct which he had given him to be broken; and Huss prepared the way for Luther.'

Wycliffe, by a natural death, escaped that fiery persecution which was then rising against the reformed religion, and which followed him to his grave; for his remains were afterwards dug up and burnt to ashes. The first victim of Papists was William Sauitre, a parish priest in London, who was burned alive:—

'The second victim who was brought to

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the stake was a tailor, from the diocese of Gloucester, by name John Badby. Prince Henry (afterwards Henry V.) was present at his execution, and urged him to save his life by submitting to the opinion of the church. The pix was then brought forth by the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, twelve tapers being carried before it: it was presented to Badby as he stood in an empty tub, chained to the stake, with faggots piled around him, and he was asked how he believed in it? he answered that it was hollowed bread, and not God's body; and upon that the pile was set on fire. His cry for mercy, whether it were addressed to God or man, touched the prince with such compassion, that he ordered the fire to be quenched, and the sufferer to be taken down; and in that condition he offered him his life, if he would renounce his opinions, and a daily allowance from the treasury for his support. This poor man might well have gone through the world without troubling his conscience upon such subjects: but he had come to a point at which he rightly felt that insincerity was too dear a price to pay for life; and maintaining constantly his rejection of a tenet which was now become as hateful as it was preposterous, he was replaced in the tub, and there, calling upon Christ to receive his soul, expired a martyr.'

Neither age nor sex were spared; and, during the reign of Henry VII., to his eternal disgrace, many females perished:—

'Among the victims whom they brought to the stake was a woman of some quality, Joan Boughton by name; the first female martyr in England: she was more than eighty years of age, and was held in such reverence for her virtue, that, during the night after her martyrdom, her ashes were collected, to be preserved as relics for pious and affectionate remembrance. Her daughter, the Lady Young, suffered afterwards the same cruel death, with equal constancy. At Amersworth, when William Tylsworth was burnt, his only daughter, as being suspected of heresy, was compelled not only to witness his death, but with her own hands to set fire to him!'

We have no wish to make our review a martyrology; and yet it is difficult to pass over those burning and shining lights who sealed with their lives their zeal for the faith. Among the martyrs of those days, Thomas Bilney will ever be held in reverence, as will the victim of whom the following singular anecdote is related:—

'Bilney's example, in all parts, was followed by James Bainham, of the Middle Temple, the son of a Gloucestershire knight. Having been flogged and racked, without effect, to make him accuse others of holding the same opinions as himself, the fear of death induced him to abjure, and bear a faggot. But a month had scarcely elapsed before he stood up in the face of the congregation in St. Austin's Church, with the English Testament in his hand, and, openly proclaiming that he had denied the truth, declared that, if he did not return to it, that book would condemn him at the day of

judgment; and exhorted all who heard him rather to suffer death than fall as he had fallen, for all the world's good would not induce him again to feel such a hell as he had borne within him since the hour of his abjuration. He was accordingly brought to the stake in Smithfield; and there, to the astonishment of the spectators, when his extremities were half consumed, he cried aloud, "O ye Papists, ye look for miracles, and behold a miracle; for in this fire I feel no pain;—it is to me as a bed of roses!" The fact may be believed, without supposing a miracle, or even recurring to that almost miraculous power which the mind sometimes can exercise over the body. Nature is more merciful to us than man to man; this was a case in which excess of pain had destroyed the power of suffering; no other bodily feeling was left but that of ease after torture; while the soul triumphed in its victory, and in the sure anticipation of its immediate and eternal reward.'

No apology, we are sure, can be necessary for our promise to resume these volumes next week.

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*Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths, illustrated in a Series of Narratives and Essays.* 12mo. pp. 340. London, 1824.

WE are sure there is not one of our readers that will not thank us for introducing to their notice this delectable little volume, which, though principally in prose, is as impassioned as the verse of Byron, but 'pure as ice and chaste as drifted snow.' Rarely, indeed, have we seen morality arrayed in a garb so rich, or religion enforced with such force and eloquence as in this work, while vice is rendered more striking by the contrast. He must, indeed, possess a mind incapable of all emotion, who could read these Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths without being affected, or without acknowledging the advantage of being virtuous, for virtue's sake, were there nothing to hope or fear in immortality.

This work, which contains eleven essays, purports to be written by a young married lady of great piety, whose heart was broken by the vices of her husband: she is described as possessing every virtue and grace that could adorn human nature, while he was an abandoned profligate, an adulterer, a blasphemer, a drunkard, 'a practical sceptic, an infidel in art,' and yet 'the first and last and only beloved of her heart, the brother of her soul.' To this husband, or rather murderer, the work is dedicated by a dying wife, and the circumstances are narrated in the first article, which is entitled The Book: but, leaving the author to his own disguise, we shall briefly explain to our readers the nature of the volume. It consists of a series of essays and narratives, in which several illustrative anecdotes are interspersed, all breathing a strong religious feeling, but exhibiting a vast 'preponderance of woe'; as none of the articles are sufficiently brief to enable us to introduce an entire sketch, we shall select a few descriptive passages: the first, which is from the introductory

essay, is on Death, that most solemn of all subjects:—

'Oh, who that has lost the dearest friend of his heart can ever forget death? The grave and the one it contains become inseparable ideas; what can disunite them? Each beloved one that is gone fastens the contemplation of death more closely upon us, and Providence, in thus bereaving, befriends us. The grave has become their home; they have entered within the confines of the valley of dreamless sleep; they have been carried away by the monarch whose mark was set upon them even in their birth; who bound them to his allegiance by all the suffering that "flesh is heir to." Forget the grave? the invisible *hemisphere* that is peopled by incalculable myriads, which the population of our world, though multiplied by millions, can scarcely equal? Turn from the grave,—the bed of thy forefathers? Oh, if thou canst do this, thou hast never lost aught thou lovest; and tremble in the belief that such bereavement is near. It is good to be afflicted! The grave of a buried friend is a mine from which treasures of eternity may be gathered. Corinna! let this tear attest the sincerity of my tenderness. I will cherish thy memory, dear departed one! and there are some benign and gentle spirits who may read these records of suffering, and weep with me.'

'Who was so fondly beloved as Corinna; who so basely betrayed; who so deeply injured, so foully deserted? Yet she could pardon; her dying smile attested it. I saw her in her last hour; I caught the last flashes of the Deity within her; I stooped over her couch to gather tidings of immortality; I received with her that awful, that most sacred rite, which denotes the union of the Godhead with humanity, THE SUPPER OF THE LAMB! All hail to thee, Corinna! thou art now with HIM in Paradise!'

The second article, which is entitled The Young Clergyman, and partakes of the double character of essay and narrative, points out the requisites for a Christian minister, followed by a pathetic tale. There is an excellent chapter on Principle; and a beautiful sketch, entitled De la Poer, in which we find the following picture of a death-bed:—

'A death-bed is, indeed, a test of truth. Who ever heard of a man's rejecting the hopes of Christianity, and becoming a convert to infidelity, in his last dread hour? Oh, no!—if ever he clings closely and solely to the Saviour, it is at that moment—if ever he realizes the idea of a Redeeming God, it is then! if ever he feels the influence of the Comforter, now is the time!—His good deeds—alas! he estimates them now at their true worth; vitiated by alloy, their fairest light shaded by the mingling of worldly motives. He cannot rest *there*, he cannot extract hope from *these*. But he has satisfaction in remembering the sacrifices he has made, the secular advantages he has rejected, for the sake of Him who died on Calvary. To Him he looks—in Him he hopes to live eternally—through Him his aspirations after mortality are legitimate.'

Ye infidels, "come and see how a Christian can die!"'

From the essay on Principle we select a short passage:—

"The whole economy of society in its present state is hostile to the exercise of principle. A departure from it is not only passed over without reprobation, but, if it insure success, is even applauded. Fear of censure, which is so efficient a restraint on the actions of man, sleeps with impunity; he, who is secure from defeat or poverty dreads no reproach for having failed to observe the rigorous dictates of morality."

"The gamster who deserts his wife and family, to devote whole days and nights to the gaming-table—who stakes the inheritance of his fathers on the cast of a die—and who, by the unfortunate issue of the chance, reduces to beggary an amiable mother and an infant heir,—even this man, whilst those debts by a deplorable misnomer denominated **DEBTS OF HONOUR**, are punctually paid, is received with open arms by society in general, and is deserted by the world only when it is discovered that he is too poor to purchase the continuance of its favour and applause."

"The speculator whose nefarious schemes have plunged him and hundreds connected with him into ruin, having endured a few months' imprisonment, comes from the purgatory of the Fleet completely whitewashed;—and, in setting up, by some unimaginable means, a splendid establishment, giving sumptuous entertainments to unnumbered guests, sails gaily down the current of society; and, whilst he is able to communicate pleasure or to afford amusement, is linked in the chains of brotherhood with peer and fashionist, and passes on his way, caressing and caressed."

The other pieces are equally beautiful, and there are several poetical effusions interspersed, which, if not of a very high character, are remarkable for delicacy of sentiment.

#### *The Peerage Chart for 1824.*

#### *The Baronetage Chart for 1824.*

WHEN these charts first appeared, we congratulated the author on his having arranged into a clear and concise manner so much useful information relative to the nobility and titled gentry of the kingdom. These charts are an admirable epitome of the peerage and baronetage, containing a complete list of the individuals; dates of their honours, and how increased; age; precedence; number of children, if married; a list of honours and titles, whether hereditary or not; and showing, at the same time, whether the honours had been obtained for naval, military, legal, or other services. Every year presents some addition or alteration in the list, and these are carefully observed by the author, which is rarely done in the Annual Peerages and Baronetages, and brought up to the latest moment in which they appear. With such claims to universal circulation, we scarcely need recommend the Peerage and Barontage Chart for 1824.

*First Love: a Tale of My Mother's Times.*  
2 vols. 12mo. pp. 488. London, 1824.

A BRIEF notice assures us that the author of First Love (Adam, we should presume to have been the author of first love, if he really loved his Eve) is unknown to the publisher, who printed it on the recommendation of 'a literary friend, to whom it had been confided, and who, discovering more than the usual share of merit generally found in similar productions, advised the publisher to send it into the world, conscious that it must prove acceptable to those who can be pleased with natural descriptions, depicted in chaste and glowing language.' But why do we quote this? ours is not a bookseller's review; and yet we may plead in extenuation, that First Love is really a good tale, and that, if the language is not glowing, it certainly is chaste. We have so often been reproached by our novel-reading friends with letting them into the whole secret of a novel, which they would patiently wait for until they came to the last word of the last page of the last volume, that we are determined we will not offend in First Love; but, as we have read it, we can with confidence recommend it as being a well-told tale, containing much vivid description.

*Inesilla; or, the Tempter: a Romance. With other Tales.* By CHARLES OLLIER, author of Altham and his Wife. 12mo. pp. 287. London, 1824.

ALTHAM and his Wife is a tale with which, we confess, we were much pleased, some six years ago, and we looked forward to Inesilla with some degree of eagerness: nor have we been altogether disappointed, for it is a tragic tale of much merit, with many descriptive scenes of great interest. Of the three other tales, two have already appeared in a periodical; they are, however, worth reprinting, and, combined with Inesilla and the Jilt, form altogether a very pleasing volume.

#### ORIGINAL.

DEFENCE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING. [We willingly insert the following letter, from two motives: first on the old maxim of *audi alteram partem*; and, secondly, because we have reason to believe that the admirers of Mr. Irving, and even the reverend gentleman himself, conceive that he has been treated with some severity in *The Literary Chronicle*. How far this is the case, we leave our readers to judge: for ourselves we may observe, that, although we should regret to do any man an injury, we feel no misgivings as to the part we have taken in discussing the merits of Mr. Irving.—ED.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—As the mis-statement of a fact in a literary publication cannot be but extensively injurious, I beg leave to correct your assertion in your last number, when commenting on the Rev. E. Irving: 'Since his return, no M. P. has had the

flaps of his coat torn off, and no lady has fainted, in gaining admission into the Caledonian Church:—implying that Mr. Irving's popularity has subsided, and has proved really to be a 'nine days' wonder.' As a constant hearer of Mr. I., I am able to contradict your statement (its motive I judge not), and inform you that, last Sunday, the crowd was not only as great as ever, but it was assembled earlier than usual; and, though I was not speedy in my return from the chapel, I counted thirty-eight carriages in Kirby Street alone, and understood there were several in Hatton Garden, through which I did not pass.

As to fainting, two ladies fainted near me in the chapel, and, from the thickness of the crowd in the aisles, &c. could not reach the doors; and, though it is a reflection on my sex, I am sorry to state that more than one male 'felt rather queer' (to use a literary expression).

It would ill become me (who, having heard about one hundred sermons from Mr. I., cannot give an opinion respecting him without prejudice) to contradict the other statements you have no doubt conscientiously made on the subject of Mr. I.; but you will perhaps allow me to make an assertion which I can verify from personal observation, viz.:—That Mr. Irving's preaching has done more for the cause of Christianity, in making its doctrines and precepts attractive and influential, than the pulpit and press combinedly have done for the last fifty years! It is a bold assertion, but many rejoice in the belief of it, and deem it a good set-off to the detractions of 'literary critics.' Last Sunday, his labours were peculiarly useful in removing the doubts of a few of my deistical friends, to whom Christianity 'had never been properly presented.' In the morning, his subject was 'the adaptation of Christianity, as a means of raising the character of the labouring classes without injury to the frame-work of society,' &c.; and, in the evening, 'he reconciled the apparent contradiction in Matthew and Luke's account of Christ's genealogy, by the principles of sound criticism and common sense.' Of his eloquence (splendid as it was in the morning, in poetic thought, classic style, &c. &c.) I am a partial judge; it is for his usefulness (old-fashioned criterion of merit) that I feel grateful.

Excuse the haste and plainness of your constant reader and

'A MEMBER OF THE  
CALEDONIAN CHURCH.'

Myrtle Cottage, Ball's Pond, 14th Jan.

## ENIGMAS IN PROSE.

No. II.

## ELUCIDATION OF ENIGMA I.

LAYING aside a mask which so ill concealed me from detection, I will now freely confess myself to be that useful piece of furniture, a *Looking-glass*,—a companion with whom the FAIR reader, of either sex, has doubtless enjoyed many a delightful *tête-a-tête*. I know that the austere and the ugly denounce me, that the grave moralist and the wrinkled matron utter the finest common-places in the world against me, as an evil counsellor who pays servile adulation to beauty, and encourages it in all its insolence and tyranny. I desire not to appear a whit better than I really am, but must say that I do not deserve all the ill-natured things that have been said of me. I am stigmatized as a flatterer; yet it is not on this account that I am so severely reprimanded: no, it is rather because I tell the truth. To prove, however, that I can act the moralist upon occasion, I will take this opportunity of showing what fine lessons I would give, if people would but take them. Can it be denied that I am the most veracious being in existence? Do I not, therefore, tacitly reprove the liar every time he looks me in the face? Let the world say the worst of me, I am sure that neither courtiers, chambermaids, nor lovers, learn their flattery and insincerity of me, since so far am I from seconding such iniquity that I very frequently take the liberty of flatly contradicting them. Then do I not inculcate patience, good humour, self-possession, temperance, modesty?—‘But how, pray?’ methinks I hear the reader exclaim in a tone of surprise: ‘it is something quite edifying to know that one may learn so many virtues from a looking-glass!’—Listen then and I will convince all—at least all those who wish to be convinced—that they may study their features and complexions, and imbibe wholesome lessons of virtue at the same time. Well then, I persuade people to patience and good humour, by showing them in the most convincing manner how destructive fretful impatience and ill-nature are even to the most beautiful countenance. I preach temperance to them in the most eloquent manner, by telling them that, if they indulge too liberally in the pleasures of the table and bottle, instead of reflecting any longer brilliant complexions and elegant forms, I shall exhibit to them purple noses, pimpled faces, and bloated carcases:—and what more efficacious argu-

ments can be adduced by the most eloquent reasoners? Then, with respect to sympathy, it is a virtue which I inculcate in the liveliest manner, by uniformly smiling with those who smile, and weeping with those who weep. In short, I could, if I pleased, prove very satisfactorily that I can teach much more sound virtue than the world cares to learn, or will take the pains to look for in me. And I would advise all those censorious people who affect to despise me, henceforth to avoid my company. Let no prim quakeress consult me how to put on her bonnet—no popular preacher how to tie on his cravat, and adjust his hair with a studied negligence—no despiser of fashion how best to succeed in his affectation of singularity:—no, I will endure such odious coquettings no longer; for the ungrateful creatures pretend that they hardly know me—that they scorn to look at me. Well, then, let old dowagers henceforth rouge their noses instead of their cheeks—let a quakeress by chance put on her *drab* with an air—let a preacher shave off his whiskers before he finds out the mistake; for I will not correct their blunders. But as for you, reader, I hope you will, as a proof you have not been displeased with my account of myself, instantly look me in the face, and that you will there behold a smiling countenance.

## ENIGMA II.

THERE is a power which, although not openly recognised as a divinity, possesses an undivided sway over its numerous votaries, and which although neither hallowed by poets nor worshipped by those who toil for wealth, has as sincere adorations paid to it, as have the idols before whose shrines these latter bow. It is not love; yet, if we may believe its followers, is it no less potent: it is not gold, nevertheless prized by many more than ‘exceeding fine gold!’ Though it scorns poverty, or even competence, it will not always associate with wealth: though it disdains the low, it will not always condescend to notice even a coronet, or be softened into graciousness by the splendour of ancestry. Say, then who and what is this mighty power, and what her name. Her name!—that spell, that talisman, which is no sooner pronounced than it operates like enchantment. Yet gay and smiling, attractive and bland, as is this potent mystic being, she has her martyrs and her victims, over whom she exercises a sway as despotic as ever did superstition, in the darkest ages. She has her mysteries and rites, her temples and sanctuaries, wherein her de-

votees pay constant worship to her. Come hither, ye professors of religion—ye who pay only the tribute of a cold and formal worship—and see what fervour—what devotion—what incessant, unwearied, and willing adoration, is here bestowed! What sacrifices are here made! sacrifices of all that the rest of mankind value:—health, peace, comfort, reputation, wealth, children, life, are all offered at this shrine; but with what eagerness, what cheerfulness, what fortitude!—The heart may be torn with pangs, may feel unutterable anguish, but the countenance is arrayed in the gayest smiles. What is the resignation of the cloister, the calmness of the expiring martyr, the apathy of the stoic, compared to this? The Hindoo, who, steeling himself against the first impulses of our physical nature, will rather pine away in all the pangs of hunger than touch a morsel proscribed to his caste, however delicious, exhibits not greater resolution than is displayed by the followers of the power whom I call upon you to name. And yet will the retired school-man declare that she who exercises this all-potent dominion over so many myriads is but a mere phantom, a mere air-created delusion. Ask the poet, the moralist, the statesman, the votary and mammon, they will all reply in the same language, although they themselves all obey the influence of opinion, the kindred power to her of whom we speak.

Her sway extends over the seasons and their changes: at her bidding, night is transformed into day, and the hours assigned by nature to repose are dedicated to revelry and pleasure. In spite of calendar and almanack makers, she protracts winter till June, and summer till December; she bids roses to bloom in the midst of snow, and the fruitage of autumn to enrich the banquets of the early year. At her command her votaries flock to whatever place she chooses to dismiss them: nay, most wonderful to relate, if she bids them even go to church, they rush thither in dense crowds, in numbers numberless. Seldom, however, does she enjoin such a duty; for her followers affect to hold in supreme contempt whatever savours of superstition; and yet are they, in all that relates to their own worship, the greatest observers of ceremonies and rites, under the sun. Nor are they free from pedantry, although they pretend such utter abhorrence of it. Their discourse is a mere jargon of terms and phrases, which no one understands but themselves; which almost defies explanation, and would drive to de-

spair the most learned and ingenious etymologists.

Surely it will now be easy to reveal the name of this powerful being, who rules with such supreme sway over a vast multitude, or rather, in a greater or less degree, over the whole world.

### Biography.

#### CHEVALIER LANGLES. (FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

**LOUIS MATHIEU LANGLES**, the celebrated orientalist, whose death has been so briefly noticed in our journals, was born near Montdidier, in the year 1764, of an ancient and reputable family, who for centuries had borne civil offices of great trust and dignity in the department. His father was in the army, and intended his son for the same profession; but he was averse to it, and, after finishing a liberal education at Paris, he obtained the consent of his parent to study the oriental languages, in order to qualify himself for a diplomatic, or, if his father insisted on it a military post, in India. He commenced with the Persian and Arabic languages, in which he had made considerable progress, when he was advised to study the Mantchou; and such was his genius and his industry that in a short time he surmounted all the difficulties which opposed him; and in 1787 he published a memoir on the writings of the Mantchous, entitled *Alphabet Mantchou*. It was the first work in this language printed with moveable types, which were engraved and cast by the celebrated Firmin Didot. The characters were objected to as stiff and inelegant: but they are said to have been highly admired for their accuracy by the Mantchous themselves. A second edition of the work being called for in 1808, a new fount of type was cast for the purpose, by the same founder, under the more immediate directions of M. Langlès; and it was, in consequence, much improved.

Previous to publishing the *Alphabet Mantchou*, M. Langlès translated the Political and Military Institutes of Tamerlane from the original Persian into French. The work had previously appeared in English, but he was never suspected of having had recourse to such aid; and we have reason to believe that, at that time, it was easier for M. Langlès to translate from the Persian than from the English.

Both these works were dedicated, by permission, to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres; and two years afterwards, through the interest of the

celebrated Marshal de Richelieu, M. Langlès was appointed an officer of the Court of Honour\*. What the nature of his office was does not appear, but it does not seem to have checked his lingual studies, which he prosecuted with as much ardour as ever; so that, in the following year, he was enabled to give to the world the first volume of his *Dictionnaire Mantchou-Français*, which he presented to the unfortunate Louis XVI. in the month of December, 1788. Three other volumes from his pen in the same year afford an astonishing proof of his industry and genius: in one of these, *Contes, Fables, et Sentences*, translated from various Arabian and Persian authors, M. Langlès first made known to France and the Continent of Europe the existence of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, whose labours had even then become important and useful. The other two works published in the year 1788 were — *Ambassades Reciproques d'un Roi des Indes de la Perse, &c. et d'un Empereur de la Chine*, translated from the Persian of Abdoul-Rizar, of Samarund, with memoirs of those two sovereigns; and *Precis Historique sur les Mahrattes*, translated from the original Persian.

When the revolution broke out in France, M. Langlès relinquished all idea of going out to India, although he did not on that account abandon his oriental studies. On the contrary, we find him presenting to the National Assembly, in 1790, an address on the 'Importance of these languages for the extension of commerce and the progress of the arts and sciences.' About the same time he published *Fables et Contes Indiens*, with an essay on the literature, religion, and manners of the Hindoos: the first part of the *Hitopadè*s, or prototype of the Fables of Pilpay, appeared in this volume. In the same year the author published the second volume of his *Dictionnaire Mantchou-Français*.

The reign of terror had now commenced in France, and the most splendid talents or the highest virtues were no protection: the wretches who could send a Lavoisier to the block were not to be stayed in their career by any considerations of national gratitude. Every literary man was in danger, however much he kept aloof from politics: his very silence was a crime, sufficient to

call down upon him the vengeance of the tyrants of the day. Under these circumstances, a committee, of which M. Langlès was a member, was formed, to consult on measures of protection; and with this committee originated the formation of the National Guard of citizens, among whom no person receiving wages was admitted: the citizens armed and clothed themselves; their first costume was green, but, at the suggestion of the Marquis de la Fayette, they changed it to that of the American patriots, blue with red facings; and, when the infamous Egalité Orleans placed himself at the head of the National Guard, they adopted the tri-coloured cockade.

Fortunately for M. Langlès, he survived the storm of revolution, in which millions perished. In 1792 he was appointed to be the keeper of the Oriental MSS. in the National Library, and he was at the same time elected a member of the Committee of the Arts, which was so instrumental in saving the greater part of the objects of art, science, and literature, that had escaped the first burst of revolutionary frenzy. He was appointed to the section of Bibliography, and, in his official capacity, contributed powerfully to preserve the National Library from democratic fury, which was continually directed against this establishment, in order to destroy the cover of every book, if not the book itself, that bore an emblem or vestige of royalty. Some of these M. Langlès concealed from the knowledge of M. Belissent, who, from a strolling player, had become conservator-general of the National Library. An innocent device was adopted, in order to preserve such books as he could not withdraw, by pasting labels over the lettered titles with the names of such authors as he knew the modern Vandals would respect.

So satisfactorily did M. Langlès discharge his duty as a member of the Committee of Arts, that, after the 9th Thermidor, the Committee of Public Instruction conferred on him the care of the Literary Depot of the Capucins St. Honoré. This circumstance was only important as it made him better acquainted with the Committee of Public Instruction, to whom he suggested the formation of a special school for the oriental living languages. The proposal was accepted, and M. Langlès was charged to organize the plan of the establishment, which has since so powerfully contributed to extend the cultivation of oriental languages in France: he undertook to teach the Persian him-

\* The Court of Honour was an institution established in France to prevent duelling. The court consisted of the marshals of France; and every gentleman who felt his honour wounded by the conduct of another, could appeal to this court, and have redress.

self. These avocations did not prevent him from giving to the world several valuable works. In 1795 he published a new edition of the works of Pallas, with numerous notes; a new edition of the Travels of Norden in Egypt and Nubia, with notes, and several original memoirs on the canal of Suez, the pyramids, the sphinx, Alexandria, &c.; he at the same time published the Travels from India to Mecca of Abdoul Keryen, a Mussulman pilgrim, who accompanied Thamas Kooli Khan to India: this volume formed the first part of a work he afterwards finished, in five volumes, entitled *Collection Portative de Voyages*, translated from different oriental and European languages. He soon afterwards published a new translation, from the Arabic, of the Travels of Sinbad the Sailor, with valuable notes and the original text.

On the formation of the French Institute, M. Langlès was chosen Member of the Committee of Literary Labours, when he communicated many valuable articles, among which were,—1. Fragments of the Code of Ghengis Khan, preserved by Myrkhoud. 2. A Collection of Letters written in Arabic and Turkish, by different Oriental Princes, between the years 1304 and 1517. 3. Historical Description of the Canal of Suez, taken from the grand work on Egypt, by Almacryzy. 4. Notice on the Mantchou Ritual, with ten plates, representing sixty-five instruments of Chamanic worship. 5. A Chronological Table of the Rising of the Nile, containing the most remarkable between the years 614 and 1517. All these articles are accompanied by the original texts in Arabic, Persian, Mantchou, &c., as well as his Dissertation on the Paper Moneys of the Orientals. He also attempted, in concert with Messrs. Camus and Baudin, to revive the *Journal des Savans*; but the continuation only existed six months.

In addition to these papers, M. Langlès furnished several articles for the *Magasin Encyclopédique*, and published a translation of the catalogue of the Sanscrit MSS. in the then Imperial Library, and a beautiful little volume, which exhibits an exquisite specimen of oriental typography, entitled Researches on the Otto of Roses. In this work, which was originally intended as a note to the French translation of the first two volumes of the Asiatic Researches, M. Langlès proves that this celebrated perfume was discovered by accident, no further back than 1612.

M. Langlès was afterwards employed

to superintend a new edition of Char din's Travels in Persia, to which he added upwards of two thousand notes, and prefixed a chronological history of Persia, from the earliest period to the year 1806. M. Langlès has been a liberal contributor to most of the literary journals of merit in France for many years. He also furnished the oriental articles for the *Biographie Universelle* of Michaud. His last work was the Ancient and Modern Monuments of Hindostan: it is a treatise of immense labour and research, and was several years in publishing. It was not, however, to oriental languages alone that the acquirements of M. Langlès were confined: he was a perfect master of the dead, and of most of the European, languages, particularly German, Italian, and English.

M. Langlès was, at one time, a great favourite with Bonaparte, and is supposed to have had no small share in planning the memorable expedition to Egypt, although he refused to accompany it, and thereby lost his friendship for ever, however he still retained his place at the National Library.

When the allied armies entered Paris in 1814, the Emperor of Russia conferred on M. Langlès the order of Knight of St. Wladimir, and the Emperor of Austria presented him with a diamond ring.

This great man, who manifested his attachment to the study of the oriental languages to the last, died suddenly, after a short illness, on the 28th of January last, to the regret of literary men of all nations, from whom he enjoyed a merited consideration, on account of the extent of his knowledge and the unvarying kindness of his disposition, which rendered him a point of communication for the clever men of every country. The galleries of his library, equally large and well-chosen, reminded one of that academy of Athens where all the friends of philosophy, attracted by a common taste, assembled. It is generally allowed to be the richest private oriental library in existence. Among the valuable works it contains are The Relations of the Danish Missionaries, in sixteen or eighteen volumes quarto, of upwards of two thousand pages each, and the grand work of Valentyn, in eight volumes folio. It is rich, too, in manuscripts; we will notice but one—the magnificent autograph volume of the Ayeen Akbery: it is a species of geographical, historical, political, statistical, and literary history of India, composed by order of the great

mogul, Akbar, under the superintendance of his grand vizier, Aboul Fazl about the year 1584. This manuscript was preserved in the imperial library of Delhi, and is the only exact and complete copy known.

M. Langlès, was Knight of the Imperial Order of St. Wladimir, Member of the Royal Institute of France, Honorary Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, Keeper of the Oriental Manuscripts in the King's Library, Principal of the Royal School of Oriental Living Languages, Persian Professor of the same School, President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of France, Member of the Royal Academies of Göttingen, Munich, &c. and Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the kingdom of the Low Countries.

The funeral of M. Langlès took place last week; after the religious ceremonies, which took place in the church of Notre Dame, had been concluded, the remains of the deceased were conveyed to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, accompanied by a numerous deputation from the Institute, the conservators of the King's Library, and a great number of individuals, both natives and foreigners, distinguished in literature, arts, and sciences. Several funeral orations were delivered over the body. M. Caussin delivered one in the name of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres; M. Gail, of the same academy, was the organ of the Conservators of the King's Library; M. Barbie du Bocage, in the name of the Society of Antiquarians, M. Jomard for the Geographical Society; and M. Edouard Disaut, the organ of the Royal School of Oriental Language, paid the just tribute of their admiration and regret to the illustrious deceased. M. Disaut expressed himself in these terms:—

The learned and illustrious man whose loss we now deplore, was one of that small class whose name is confined to no country, and whose works have always been directed to the enlightening of mankind; that is, to making them better. In London and at St. Petersburg, on the borders of the Ganges and on those of the Euphrates, the report of the death of M. Langlès will spread with equal force and excite the same regret; and those who may hereafter be called upon to unite the fruits of his ancient researches will, doubtless, bless the efforts of a man whose zeal and learning so powerfully combined to open for them the gates of oriental literature.

But, if his works are thus calculated to procure for him the gratitude of posterity, if all the learned world are about to lament

his loss, what must be the grief of his own pupils, who have held daily intercourse with him, and been accustomed to his friendly encouragement and salutary advice? Shall they alone be silent amidst the general mourning; shall not a voice expressive of their affliction, make itself heard at this sorrowful moment!

A faithful friend, a benevolent protector, the surest way to please him was to give him an opportunity to oblige; and, whilst the learned will say of him he was a celebrated polygrapher, a skilful commentator, an indefatigable scholar; we, whose first efforts were directed by his inestimable counsels, may add, he was a second father to his pupils, a generous benefactor,—a good man.

#### STATE OF SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

[It has long been a foul reproach on that land of freedom, the *United States*, that slavery is still sanctioned in some parts of the union; and we are continually disgusted with seeing advertisements in the papers for runaway slaves who have been branded with the initials of their masters. The following article, from an *United States*' paper, views the subject in so clear a light, and so well points out the means of redressing this outrage on humanity, that we think it worth transferring to our pages.]

So recent is the origin, and so rapid has been the growth, of our republic, that the mind naturally looks forward to its future destiny. How splendid must it be, should the promises of the past be fulfilled!—A territory, vast and fertile, will be covered with an intelligent and industrious population, producing and enjoying wealth, eminent in the arts, and unequalled in power.

But there are some, more accustomed to indulge their fears than their hopes, who imagine that the progress of the republic towards national greatness will be retarded, if not arrested, by causes now in existence and powerfully operating. Not the least dreaded is the prevalence of slavery in one section of our country. This they consider a national evil of immense magnitude, and their alarm is increased by the apparent unwillingness of those immediately concerned to rid themselves of it.

The prospect is, indeed, appalling, and it is well worth while to watch for the first ray of hope that breaks through the gloom. A comparison of the results of the four enumerations which have been made of our population, has led me to entertain a belief that, from the operation of natural causes, should they be permitted to operate fully, slaves will hereafter, not only constitute a constantly diminishing proportion of our population, but, instead of spreading over states not now afflicted with the evil, will be confined to still narrower limits.

These enumerations show that, in the four most northern states, slavery has become entirely extinct; that, in the states of Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York, the number of slaves, which in 1790 amounted to 25,036, had in 1820, decreased to 10,233;

that in the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, a diminution has taken place, although the degree of it has been less—the number at the former period being 24,047, at the latter 12,277. Maryland, the next state in our progress southward, is the first in which the number of slaves has increased; but the increase there has been slight. In 1790, there were 103,036; in 1820, there were 107,398. The degree of increase has been a little greater in Virginia, and much greater as we proceed southwardly.

It ought further to be observed, that, in the three states of New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia—states which lie on each side of the line, dividing what are called non-slaveholding from the slave-holding states—the number of slaves has either decreased, or has increased in a diminishing ratio.—Thus, in New Jersey, between the years 1790 and 1800, the increase was nine per cent.; between the years 1800 and 1810, the number diminished thirteen per cent.; and between the latter year and 1820, thirty per cent. In Maryland, during the first period of ten years, the increase was four and a half per cent. during the second period, three and a half per cent.; and during the third period, there was a decrease of three and a half per cent. In Virginia, during the first period, the increase was eighteen and a half per cent.; during the second period, thirteen and a half per cent.; and during the third period, eight per cent. In the states south of Virginia, the increase has been much more rapid; in some of them at the rate of more than one hundred per cent during the period of ten years.

From these statements it appears that, in all the states named, except Virginia, the number of slaves, since the first enumeration, has been constantly diminishing, or begun to diminish, and that in Virginia the ratio of increase has been constantly diminishing.

To what cause may these results be attributed? May they not, in a great measure, be attributed to the vicinity of these states to a population entirely free? This circumstance, in two ways, diminishes the value of the slave; it enables him to escape easily from his master, and the information which he acquires and the contrast which he every day witnesses between himself and those around him render him discontented, disobedient, and his services, of course, less profitable. And the circumstance mentioned has also another important effect: it furnishes to the slave-holders ocular and convincing proof that free labour is cheaper, because more productive, than slave labour. His sentiments and opinions, too, are probably modified by his situation. He often finds among his associates men who entertain the opinion that to hold a fellow-creature in bondage is contrary to morality and to the benign principles of the Christian religion. He either adopts this opinion himself, or becomes unwilling to act in direct opposition to it. He therefore the more readily manumits his slaves, or sells them to negro-dealers from a more southern state,

when their value has not yet suffered diminution.

This cause will always continue to operate, and probably with increasing force. May we not, therefore, be permitted to hope that, at a future time, not indeed near but not very remote, Maryland and Virginia will cease to be slave-holding states? That, as the cause above mentioned will then be allowed to operate on Kentucky and North Carolina, the number of their slaves will gradually decrease? That even these states will at length be added to the number of free states? And that the process will go on until all our slaves, and even all our black population, shall be transferred to the West Indies or to Africa? Civilization, advancing with resistless force, has driven the Indians beyond the Mississippi. Will not the progress of knowledge—will not enlightened self-interest, produce a similar result in relation to another and more degraded portion of the human race?—*United States Paper.*

#### Original Poetry.

##### SURNAMES EXTRAORDINARY.

*To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.*

SIR,—As playing on names seems the order of the day, I send you the following list poetical: the names mentioned were in the London Directory some years since, and perhaps will still be found there.

Yours,

Dec. 29th, 1823.

CRITO.

DEAR JOE,  
As often, up and down,  
I ramble in this mighty town,  
The names on houses noting,  
I think how comic it would be  
To send them down for you to see,  
And all our friends at Oating.

Such names I'm sure you never saw,  
In all the jargon of the law,  
Or physic's learned lumber;  
Such names would make you split your sides  
With laughing—and what more besides  
I leave yourself to number.

Snee, Soppitt, Beeswank, Bize, M'Nabb,  
Da-Silva, Griffinhuofe, and Bab,  
Falwaffer, Izon, Bury;  
Van-voorst, Teixeira, Umphelby,  
Adsheade, and Benezech, Aimé,  
And Fridag, Dias, Drury.

Bullwinkle, Bordenave, Ducroz,  
Dabuz, Da-Costa, Cortessoz,  
Geledneki, Rebello,  
Kalteisen, Kops, Lagostera,  
Larazabel, and Brandè, Sa,  
Box, Biagini, Mello.

Dirs, Beuzeville, Douce, Huguenin,  
Chipchase, Ximenes, Angerstein,  
And Bergareche, Furtado;  
Galbreath, and Glossop, Lithybee,  
Romlitz, Todhunter, and Dobree,  
Lamprimandaye, De-prado.

Aronsoho, Glyn, Gailloneau,  
Bové, Grandidier, Chassereau,  
Pilkely, Kuhf, Dunbibin,  
Balmanno, Barbaroux, Podmore,  
Caldeleigh, Canlerien, and De-la-cour,  
Strothoff, D'Aguilar, Dibbin.

Baumgartner  
Mackmurdo  
Debaufre  
And Spitta  
Melancthe  
And Gog  
Grandclos  
Greffulke  
Schwenk  
Bourdorff  
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Papwort  
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Baumgartner, Bourgignon, Meslé,  
Mackmurdo, Colquhoun, Dupree;  
Bebaufre, Bushnan, Richards;  
And Spitta, Enticknap, Loubier,  
Melanchege, Smuggs, Le Mesurier,  
And Gogney, Gomperts, Pritchards.

Grandclos and Géatorex, Le Keux,  
Greffulke and Peterstorff, and Meux,  
Schwenk, Schweppé and Presburdige, Noton,  
Bourdorff, Sciaccaluga, Chrees,  
Hoofstetter, Blydesteyn and Smees,  
Papworth, De-Mendes, Houghton.

Schmidmeyer, Schneider and Schabracq,  
Achterlony and Lukkenbah,  
Mohringk, Pinheiro, Cornbald;  
Blankenhagen, and Wackerbarth,  
Gutzner, Loasada, and Yarth,  
Schabner, Hellear and Rumbold.

Mucharsie, Krashaar, De-la-pierre,  
Carstairs, and Dartnall, De-morsier,  
Bierbaum, Doxal, Costeker;  
Cazalis, Aggasiz, Mazemore,  
Norsa and Shillitoe, and Coare,  
Ohrman, Staffurth and Meaker.

## STANZAS

*Addressed to the Illustrious Mina.*

BRAVE and glorious man !  
Hero, patriot chief !  
Thy brilliant fame has ran,  
Thro' hearts in whom belief  
That Spaniards would be free  
Was mar'd by sickening treachery.  
Whilst recreants took the gold,  
And their hearts and honour sold,  
Thou kept unsheathe'd the brand,  
With a firm and honest hand :  
When Glory mourn'd thee dead,  
And in sorrowing accents said—  
'Spain's patriot flame is dark,'  
Thy deeds bade her mark  
There was one who yet could fight,  
With honour and with might—  
There was one who yet would die  
For Spain and Liberty !

Thou wast virtuous' mid the base,—  
Thou wast free when slaves abounded,—  
Thou wast noble 'mid a race

Whom guilt and fear surrounded !  
Unshaken was thy heart,  
Matchless thy daring part,—  
Thou bright and glorious one,  
Bless'd Liberty's own son !

When hireling thousands bent the knee,  
And bowed their heads submissively ;  
When thy comrades barter'd fame  
For deep eternal shame ;  
When the foe o'erspread the land,  
Cooping up thy little band ;  
When resources seemed to fail,  
Thy spirit did not quail,  
But rose up as a sun,—  
A bright and glorious one !

When tyranny oppress'd thee,  
When bribing foes caress'd thee,  
When the gold was offered thee,  
To mate with treachery,—  
Thou, in such guile unlearn'd,  
Their heartless offers spurn'd.

Thou wilt be rewarded,  
And thy name for ages lauded ;  
Thou wilt live in after story,  
Enshrined in deathless glory ;  
Whilst the world has any fire,  
Or poesy a lyre,

Thy praises will be sung,  
And thy monument be hung  
With chaplets of sweet verse,  
That will thy deeds rehearse  
Till the race of time is run,—  
Thou bright and glorious one !

*Edmonton.* J. J. LEATHWICK.

## Fine Arts.

**THE DUKE OF KENT.**—The colossal statue of the late Duke of Kent was placed on its pedestal on Monday last. It stands in the centre of Park Crescent, and faces Portland Place, which is certainly a very good situation. As soon as it is in a more finished state, we shall give our opinions of its merits as a work of art.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION.**—The British Institution was opened on Thursday, with a fine collection of the works of living artists, justice to which requires that we should defer our notice, until we can examine them more carefully than we could possibly do so late in the week. This noble gallery will form the subject of an article in our next.

**NEALE'S SEATS, SECOND SERIES.—No. I.**  
**FONTHILL.**

IT affords us great pleasure to perceive that the success of the first series has been such as to induce the artist to extend his work; and the more so as we learn from the address given in the last number of the former series, that it is his intention not to confine himself, as heretofore, to the exteriors of the mansions themselves, but occasionally to introduce interior views, and likewise vignettes, exhibiting some of those elegant buildings which so frequently adorn the pleasure-grounds and domains of our nobility. This, we think, cannot fail to enhance the interest of the work, and impart to it a considerable degree of novelty; for we know not by what fatality it has hitherto happened, that subjects generally of so superior an architectural character have been passed by without notice, while comparatively common-place ones have been selected for representation: unless, indeed, it has been on account of the extreme accuracy of delineation, and the knowledge of architecture, which they require on the part of the draftsman, the utmost attention to detail being absolutely indispensable.

Mr. Neale has commenced this series with Fonthill, and both the choice of subjects and the style in which these engravings are executed, are a pledge for the increased talent and taste which

it will display. It frequently, we are sorry to say, happens in publications of this nature, that their interest and beauty rather fall off during their progress; but, as the present artist's works have hitherto formed an honourable exception in this respect, having obviously improved from their commencement, we are warranted in presuming that he will not now remit his exertions. Fonthill Abbey will be illustrated by five views, but one of the plates (that of the entrance hall) was not finished in time for publication in the present number\*. In his choice of subjects, the artist appears to have been actuated by a desire to give such as have not appeared in preceding works, so as to furnish additional illustration of this celebrated edifice. He has accordingly exhibited the Oratory, in preference to either of the galleries. In point of drawing and execution, this plate is really a very delightful little gem: the details are made out in the most careful and tasteful manner, and a beautiful delicate tone pervades the engraving. As a subject, hardly any could have been selected more happily adapted to the pencil; for the effect of the distant gallery, as seen reflected in the large mirror which has been recently substituted for the shrine, is exceedingly beautiful, and forms an admirable contrast to the repose of the apartment. The general view of the Abbey from the lake is also a very delicious little landscape: it strikes us as being taken from a better station than any other which we have seen. The pro-

\* Since this article went to press we have seen a copy of the author's 'Graphical Illustrations of Fonthill,' and can, therefore, now speak of the plate which was to have appeared in the present number.—This is the Entrance Hall, seen through the western portal, so as to combine, in the most pleasing and picturesque manner, an interior view and a very important exterior feature of the edifice. Independently of the beautiful execution of this engraving, and the interest of each subject, considered separately, there is something exceedingly piquant and *naïve* (if we may so employ the term) in this method of exhibiting the entrance of the edifice. We behold the interior as if suddenly disclosed by the huge folding-doors being thrown open; and, glancing through the hall and up the noble ascent of steps, the eye rests upon the lofty arches of the Octagon, at the extremity of the vista. There is a great deal of poetical feeling in this, and a grandeur of effect that we have seldom, if ever, before witnessed on so small a scale. We are of opinion, too, that there is another advantage in thus showing, at once, both the external and internal features of this part of the edifice; which is that the lofty doorway harmonizes admirably with the arch opening into the octagon, which, otherwise, appears disproportionately high and narrow.

portions and character of the structure appear also to be much better preserved; while all the beauties of its fine site are so happily rendered, as to realize the luxuriant descriptions we have perused. The nearer view of the edifice is also extremely well drawn, and, after a comparison of it with other plates of the same subject, we do not hesitate to say that it bears evidence of greater exactitude and resemblance to the original. We make no doubt but that every one who has either Britton's or Rutter's work\* will be desirous of possessing this also; it being published complete, in a separate form, under the title of *Graphical Illustrations of Fonthill*. The letter-press description is very ample and satisfactory, and contains a very valuable addition, namely, a catalogue of the principal paintings and articles of virtù, with the prices which they produced at the sale. Neither must we forget to notice the elegant vignette of the eastern towers, which serves to embellish this number. This specimen of the wood-cuts is a very satisfactory one, and we highly approve of the idea of thus representing some interesting object attached to a mansion. As we shall occasionally recur to the work during its progress, we shall now conclude our present notice, assuring our readers that we have never beheld more beautiful delineations of architecture or landscape on a similar scale.

The same artist has likewise commenced a work illustrative of our ecclesiastical architecture, similar in size and beauty of embellishments to the preceding; which it is our intention to notice more particularly, at no very distant period.

Mr. M. W. Sharp, whose conversation-pieces and comic subjects are well known to the lovers of art, is employed upon a picture for the ensuing exhibition at Somerset House, admirably adapted to display his peculiar talent. This piece, which is entitled 'The Spoiled Child,' represents a young urchin who, being admitted to partake of the dessert, has clambered upon the table from his mamma's lap, and seized a bunch of grapes, upsetting, in his exploit, a glass of wine, which, in its fall, has deluged the glossy satin drapery of the lady. The old nurse, shows by her uplifted hands and eyes, that she is by no means an unconcerned spectator, and probably is more afraid of the con-

sequences that may result to her 'darling,' than grieved at the mischief he has occasioned; and, indeed, the chiding attitude and severe countenance of the father seem to warrant some degree of apprehension that the youthful spoiler will not be permitted to carry off his booty unmolested. The idea is a happy one, and is treated in a very interesting manner. The composition is well arranged and exceedingly rich:—the scene is laid in a Gothic apartment, opposite to a fine oriel window; and a multiplicity of details and accessories will contribute to render this a finished cabinet picture. We almost fancy, too, that we discover a little satiric moral couched under this apparently domestic scene—that we discern an embryo warrior, who may afterwards grasp at other booty, and, in his mad career, spill blood instead of wine, and lay waste whole provinces, instead of some yards of white satin. Such are the mischievous tricks that the spoiled children of Fortune play upon a grand scale; and the great booby, Alexander—him of Macedon, we mean—blubbering for another world, is a pretty fair sample of the whole race.

The same artist has lately produced two companion pictures, from which engravings on steel, by Dawe, will shortly be published. The subjects are 'Taking Wine,' and 'Taking Physic,' a most excellent contrast, and treated with a considerable degree of humour. A print from another painting, by this artist, is likewise in a considerable degree of forwardness: it represents a fruit-stall, where two school-boys have been purchasing cherries, one of whom tells his companion to shut his eyes, but, instead of letting him taste the delicious fruit, he thrusts his finger into his mouth, while he conveys the cherries to his own lips.

#### The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

IN point of intelligence, the dramatic is as barren as the political world; and now that parliament is met, we shall have old speeches, as well as speeches on old subjects, as we now have old plays. At Drury, Kean has played *Shylock* and *Macbeth*, how well we need not state—in both characters he is so familiar to the town. Mrs. Bunn is an excellent representative of Lady Macbeth, and Wallack the best Macduff on the stage. The new pantomime is now only acted occasionally, and

gives way to that charming little actress, Clara Fisher, and *Giovanni in London*.

At Covent Garden Theatre there is no novelty, though several attractive pieces are played on successive nights, and followed by the pantomime.

#### Literature and Science.

A MEMOIR of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, with an Estimate of his Genius and Talents as compared with those of his great Contemporaries, by Mr. Prior, will speedily be published.

Mr. J. Rowbotham, master of the Classical Academy, Walworth, has in the press a German Grammar, on a new and easy plan, peculiarly adapted to the wants of the English student.

The Family Picture Gallery, in four vols. will shortly appear; also, an Epitome of Paley's Evidences, containing the substance of the Arguments, in a Catechetical Form, compiled for the use of Academic Students; by a Member of the University of Cambridge.

In the press, an Historical, Antiquarian, and Topographical Account of the Ancient and present State of the Parish and Palace of Lambeth, in the County of Surrey; accompanied with numerous Engravings.

The celebrated painter, M. Gericault, whose picture of the Wreck of the Medusa Frigate was exhibited both in London and in the Louvre, died at Paris, a few days since, of a complaint in his chest. His remains were deposited in the Church of St. Jean; the hearse was followed by twelve mourning coaches, and by a numerous train of artists and men of literature. He had only reached his thirty-first year. The loss of so admirable an artist is a source of deep regret. Such men leave a vacancy in the world.

*Important Discovery.*—Sir Humphrey Davy, whose discoveries are purely the result of science, has recently presented a new claim to national gratitude, in the discovery of the cause of the corrosion and decay of copper used for the covering of the bottom of ships. The cause, he ascertained, was a weak chymical action, which is constantly exerted between the saline contents of sea water and the copper, and which, whatever may be the nature of the copper, sooner or later destroys it.

The following notice of this discovery, in a paper which was read by the President of the Royal Society, a few days ago, appears in the last No. of the Philosophical Magazine:—'The same general principle of the manner in which chymical changes may be exalted, destroyed, or suspended, by electrical powers, which led him to the discovery of the decomposition of the alkalies and the earths, likewise afforded him this new and more practical discovery. He finds that a very small surface of tin, or other oxidable metal, any where in contact with a large surface of copper, renders it so negatively electrical that sea water has no

\* For an account of these, see our last volume, p. 605, 715, 732.

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WEEKLY  
Day of the Month.

January 30 ..... 31  
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action upon it; and a little mass of tin, brought even in communication by a wire with a large plate of copper, entirely preserves it. By desire of the Lords of the Admiralty, he is now bringing this discovery to actual practice on ships of war. It is needless to point out the uses and economical advantages of a result which must add so much to the permanency and strength of our navy and shipping, and be so beneficial to our maritime and commercial interests.'

A patent, which had for its object the remedying of the same evil, was lately taken out by Mr. Mushet, of the Mint; and it is a curious-enough fact, that the means he recommends for improving the copper employed in sheathing is, alloying it with a very small portion of tin, or of zinc, or of arsenic, or of antimony.—Mr. Mushet only specifies the fact, but nothing of the cause. Is the effect in this case to be ascribed to the very cause ascertained by Sir Humphrey?

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Day of the Month. | 8 o'clock Morning | 1 o'clock Noon | 11 o'clock Night | Barom. 1 o'clock Noon. | Weather. |
|-------------------|-------------------|----------------|------------------|------------------------|----------|
| January 30        | 32                | 40             | 38               | 30 10                  | Fair.    |
| ..... 31          | 32                | 44             | 34               | .. 03                  | Do.      |
| February 1        | 35                | 45             | 34               | 29 96                  | Do.      |
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| ..... 4           | 42                | 50             | 42               | 29 77                  | Do.      |
| ..... 5           | 40                | 45             | 38               | .. 91                  | Do.      |

#### The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

*Royal Conundrum.*—Why is Lord Francis C——m, when angry, like a gentleman who uses a certain perfume? Because he is *Frank-incensed*.

*Maiden Assizes.*—Mr. Madan, who, about the year 1756, exchanged his bar gown for a clerical one, having written a pamphlet, in which he arraigned the mistaken lenity of the judges in too frequently reprieving capital offenders, was present at an assizes at East Grinstead, in Sussex, where there happened not to be a single criminal on the calendar. On the sheriff expressing his happiness in presenting the white gloves to the judge, as is customary on such occasions, his lordship pleasantly observed,—'Mr. Madan, too, will have a singular pleasure on this occasion, because there is no condemned prisoner to be reprieved.'

*Choice of Titles.*—*Bon jour, citoyen, monsieur,* was the ordinary salutation (says the author of *Sweepings of my Study*) with which I was greeted by an honest rope-maker, whose walk I had to pass in on my way to the prison-quarters in France. I asked him, one morning, what he meant by this double salute, to which he replied,—'That, not wishing to offend me at a time when it was hard to please, he submitted the two terms to my choice'—*Utrum horum mavis accipe.*

*The Virgin of Temiswaer.*—The inhabitants of Temiswaer hold in high devotion the Virgin, whom they name Virgo Serena, because her statue, during the hottest part of the siege, was constantly observed to display a tranquil countenance, which, it must be confessed, was a great miracle. Besides this, it was never wet when it rained, which was a miracle quite as surprising as the other.

At the institution of the Yeomen of the Guard, they used to wait at the table on all great solemnities, and were ranged near the Buffets; this procured them the name of *Buffetiers*, not very unlike in sound to the jocular appellation of *Beef-eaters*, now given them; though probably it was rather the voluntary misnomer, of some wit, than an actual corruption, arising from ignorance of the French language. In another instance, however, from the same language, *Kick-haw*, from *Quelque-chose*, the corruption is palpable and ludicrous.

The opprobrious title of *Bum-Bailiff*, so frequently bestowed on sheriff's officers, is, according to Judge Blackstone, only the corruption of *Bound Bailiff*; every sheriff's officer, being obliged to enter into bonds, and to find security for his good behaviour, previously to his appointment.

A *Cordwainer* seems to have no relation to the occupation it is meant to express, which is that of shoemaker. But *cordonnier*, originally spelt *corduaniez*, is the French word for that trade; the best leather for shoes coming from *Cordua*, in Spain. Spanish leather shoes were once famous in England.

*Spick and Span New* is said, by a certain writer, to be a corruption of the Italian *spicciata de la spanna*, snatched from the hand, or, according to another expression of our own, *fresh from the mint*; in both which the same idea is conveyed by a different metaphor. Our language abounds with Italisms.

*Jews.*—The Jews are still a proscribed people; and in Prussia and Poland, they are more heavily taxed, and severely treated, than their Christian neighbours; and the Emperor of Russia has recently issued a decree, by virtue of which the Jews in Warsaw are to leave their habitations in the principal streets, and to remove to the less frequented quarters. In the little town of Toplitz, in Germany, a small portion of the very worst part of the place is allotted to them, and by a certain hour in the evening they are obliged to be in their residences, under a severe penalty. The Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar has adopted measures of some political liberality towards the Jews, by admitting them in many respects to the rights of citizenship; but among these regulations are some which savour of ancient prejudice. Thus, in a family of Jews devoted to trade, only one of the sons is allowed to marry.—But why talk of Europe? In a certain part of the United States (Maryland), the Jews are deprived of the right of holding offices, and the attempt to place them on a footing with other citizens has been so strenuously resisted, that it will probably fail.

A village pastor was examining his parishioners in their catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg catechism is this,—'What is thy only consolation in life and in death?' A young girl, to whom the pastor put this question, laughed, and would not answer. The priest insisted:—'Well then,' said she, at length, 'if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker who lives in the Rue Agneaux.'

Some horrible books had been written against Cardinal Mazarin, with which he pretended to be very much enraged, and had all the copies bought up to be burnt. When he had collected them all, he caused them to be sold in secret, and as if it were unknown to him, by which contrivance he gained 10,000 crowns. He used to laugh and say, 'The French are delightful people; I let them sing and laugh, and they let me do what I will.'

Professor Porson, whose powers of recollection were without rival, was equally well read in the poets which preceded the great bard, and often delighted in pointing out his plagiarism or imitations. Porson constantly quoted the following passage from Sir William Alexander's (afterwards Lord Sterline) tragedy of Darius, as superior to Shakspear's imitation of it in that celebrated passage in the *Tempest*, inscribed on his monument, in Westminster Abbey. Darius was originally published in 1603, and the *Tempest* in 1623:—

'Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt—  
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon brush'd,  
soon broken;

And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant:

All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.  
These gorgeous palaces, those gorgeous halls,  
With furniture superlatively fair,  
Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring  
walls,

Evanish all like vapours in the air.'

Lord Sterline's play was written before the death of Queen Elizabeth.

*Bolivar.*—The Congress of Colombia has lately passed a resolve, setting on 'the Liberator Bolivar' a yearly pension of 30,000 dollars. At the commencement of the struggle for independence, Bolivar was young and rich; but he saw the oppression under which his country groaned, and, with a disinterested patriotism not unworthy the brightest days of Greece or Rome, he determined to consecrate his life and his fortune to her service. His disinterestedness has caused him the loss of the latter—but it has immortalized his name. In bestowing this liberal reward on one who has done so much for his country, his government has done not more justice to him than honour to itself.

The Cardinal de Richlieu, notwithstanding his wit, had often fits of distraction. Sometimes he would fancy himself a horse, and run jumping about a billiard table, neighing and snorting; this would last an hour, at the end of which his people would put him to bed and cover him up closely to induce perspiration: when he awoke the fit had passed and did not appear again.

## TO READERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

In looking over the periodical publications of the present month, we perceive that one of them has, without the least acknowledgment, copied, verbatim, our character of Holberg, as a dramatic writer, from *The Literary Chronicle* of Nov. 8th. In fact, the whole article, purporting to be a critique of Denmark Delineated, is made up from our review of that work. So far as the circumstance is complimentary to ourselves, we cannot be displeased at it, but we wish that our contemporary had not attempted to defraud us of whatever credit may be due to us: we admire his taste, but cannot compliment him greatly on his candour.

In our present number we have given a memoir of that celebrated orientalist, Chevalier Langlès; after it had gone to press, we received, from an intimate personal friend of M. Langlès, a tribute to his memory, which, reaching us too late for this week, we shall give in our next.

'Meditations by Moonlight' and a 'Bird's-eye View of the London Press' in our next.

Several communications have been received, the fate of which we shall shortly announce.

\* \* \* The First Monthly Part of *The Literary Chronicle* for 1824 is ready for delivery.

*Works published since our last notice*—Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV., 8vo. 14s. Statutes, 4th Geo. IV., 8vo. 28s. Mence on the Law of Libel, 8vo. 15s. Edinburgh Annual Register, 1822, 21s. Sir Andrew Sagittarius, 3 vols. 18s. Dods on the Spine, 8vo. 6s. 6d. Milner's Essay on Human Liberty, cr. 8vo. 4s. Scott's Essays on the Belles Lettres, 12mo. 7s. Hassell's Camera, 8vo. 5s. Phillips's Algebra, 12mo. 3s. Cowper's Private Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. Warreneriana, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the Church Property, 2s. 6d. Mant's Version of the Psalms, 8vo. 12s. Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths, 8vo. 9s. Inesilla, 7s. The Berantian Diamonds, 18mo. 1s. 6d. Syntactical Examination, 2s.

This day is published, 12mo. price 5s. 6d.

**JOANNA; or, the FEMALE SLAVE:** a West Indian Tale. Founded on Sledman's Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam.

London: printed for Lupton Relfe, 13, Cornhill; Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and R. Milliken, Dublin.

This day is published, price £1. 1s. Number VII. of **ZOOLOGICAL RESEARCHES** in the Island of JAVA, &c.; with Figures of Native Quadrupeds and Birds.

By THOMAS HORSFIELD, M.D. F.L.S.

Each number will consist of eight coloured plates, representing Quadrupeds and Birds; in most numbers one additional uncoloured plate of Illustrations will be added. Each plate will be accompanied by a portion of explanatory matter. No. VIII., which will complete the work, will be published in April.

London: printed for Kingsbury, Parbury, and Allen.

On the 1st of February was published, Part I. of **ORIGINAL VIEWS** of the most Interesting COLLEGiate and PAROCHIAL CHURCHES in GREAT BRITAIN; from Drawings

By JOHN PRESTON NEALE, Engraved by John le Keux: with Historical and Architectural Descriptions.

\* \* \* The Work will be published in Monthly Parts, each containing four highly finished Views, price 4s, royal 8vo. A few copies will be printed with proof impressions of the Plates, on India paper, royal 4to. price 8s. Twelve Parts will form a Volume, and the whole will be completed in Six Volumes.

London: printed for the Proprietors, and published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row; W. Anderson, Piccadilly; J. M. Richardson, Cornhill; J. Major, Fleet Street; W. Clarke, New Bond Street; J. and A. Arch, Cornhill; E. Williams, Eton, Bucks; E. Penny and Son, Sherborne, Dorset; Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh; J. Cumming, Dublin; and Edwards and Savage, Cork.

NEARLY READY,  
**THE BACHELOR'S WIFE;** a Selection of Curious and Elegant Extracts, with Observations.

By JOHN GALT, Esq.  
In one vol. post 8vo.

'What's in a name? the rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.'

The WORKS of HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq.; a New Edition, with a Critical Dissertation on the Tales of the Author, by John Galt, Esq. In one handsome pocket volume; with Vignette and Frontispiece, engraved in the first style of the art, from Paintings by Wins.

Published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and G. and W. B. Whittaker, London.

P. NICHOLSON'S  
ARCHITECTURAL DICTIONARY.

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